

PLUCK AND LUCK

STORIES OF ADVENTURE.

HARRY E. WOLFF, PUBLISHER, INC., 166 WEST 23D STREET, NEW YORK

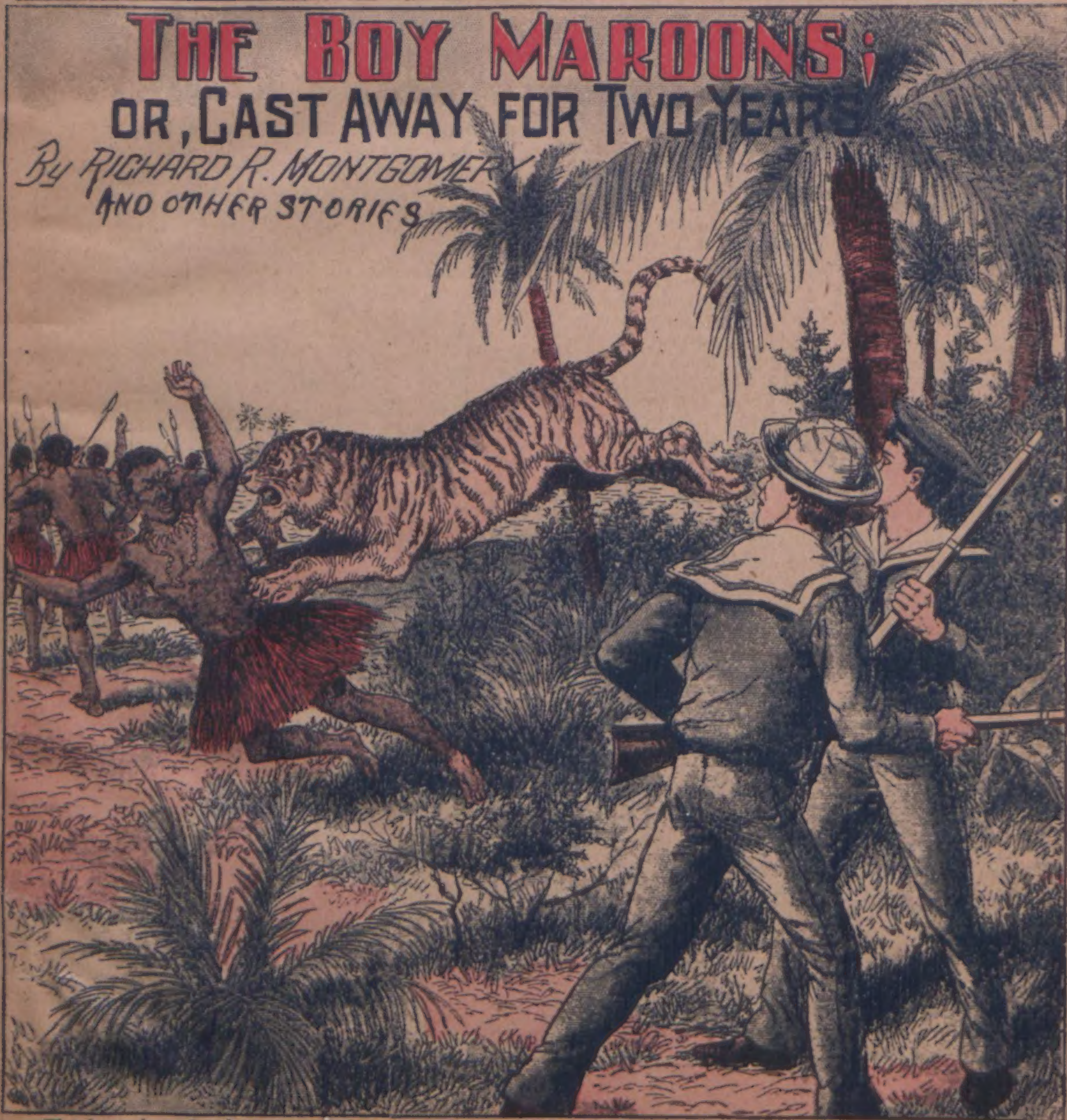
No. 1290

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 21, 1923

Price 7 Cents

THE BOY MAROONS; OR, CAST AWAY FOR TWO YEARS

By RICHARD R. MONTGOMERY
AND OTHER STORIES



The boys heard a hoarse, snarling growl, and saw a long, striped body shoot out of the jungle like a meteor. It had scattered the warriors and seemed to have singled out the chief, for it sprang upon him.

PLUCK AND LUCK

sued weekly—Subscription price, \$3.50 per year; Canada, \$4.00; Foreign, \$4.50. Harry E. Wolff, Publisher, Inc., 164 West 23d Street, New York, N. Y. Entered as Second-Class Matter, February 10, 1913, at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y. under the Act of March 3, 1879.

No. 1290

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 21, 1923

Price 7 Cents.

THE BOY MAROONS

OR, CAST AWAY FOR TWO YEARS

By RICHARD R. MONTGOMERY

CHAPTER I.—Cast Away.

A long yellow line hung in foreboding prominence upon the horizon line at the close of a beautiful day in the South Pacific Ocean. The sea was like glass, and to a novice this would seem the precursor of a storm. Yet every man aboard the schooner Isadore, Captain Warren Phelps, of Bucksport, Maine, was in the rigging and working as though their lives depended upon it taking in sail. That ominous yellow cloud was a fair warning to Captain Warren of the oncoming of the deadly typhoon. Twenty minutes previous it had not been in sight. Now it was thrusting one long, sinuous arm up toward the zenith with alarming rapidity.

"Lively there—lively, all hands!" roared the bluff Yankee captain. "Belay, you lubbers! Down with the mains'l! Clew up that t'gallant! Work, you blockheads, work!"

And the nimble tars did work. They knew quite as well as Captain Warren what depended upon quick work. With even a rag spread, when the typhoon should strike the ship, it would mean destruction. Down came the heavy mainsail with a boom like thunder. In an incredible space of time the mizzen and royals followed. Not much time was given the sailors, for a good deal of canvas was spread. But they worked like spirits, clewing this sail and lashing booms, until at length the last man slid down the ratlins, and the ship was under bare poles dead before the hurricane.

"Batten the hatches!" roared Captain Warren. "Land-lubbers all below."

"That means us, Ikey Barton," said a trim, well-dressed, handsome-built youth who stood by the lee rail.

"You are right, Sam Small," replied Ikey, who was almost a counterpart of his companion both in dress and looks. "But I want to stay on deck. Here is where all the fun will be."

"No use. The captain will kick on that. You know his ways well enough."

"I suppose so."

Captain Warren had cast a warning glance in their direction and Ikey Barton led the way reluctantly to the cabin stairway. The boys were schoolmates and boon companions. In most every sense of the word they were smart boys—at least, that was their reputation in Bucksport, and they had obtained permission of their parents to make a voyage around the world before settling down to a business life.

As smart boys would be sure to do, they had discarded the idea of traveling by steamer, and had taken passage aboard Captain Warren's schooner for Honolulu.

"We will see more of life," they had declared conjointly. "And that is what we want."

They were destined to see life and considerable more of it than they anticipated before returning to Bucksport. But no anticipation of this sort had dampened their ardor. Thus far they had enjoyed themselves immensely and gathered much valuable information. The coming of the typhoon was a new feature, and they prepared themselves coolly for the enjoyment of a novelty. Neither dreamed of the thrilling results to accrue from this same storm, the terror of the South Pacific. They went below, disappointed at not being able to remain on deck. The hatches were battened down and the boys left to themselves, the only passengers in the pitching cabin.

"Well, I don't like this," growled Ikey. "Shut up like rats in a trap. What if the ship goes down? Our goose will be cooked."

"Hark!" exclaimed Sam. "Here comes the typhoon."

Had the boys been on deck they would have witnessed a terrifying sight. As far as the eye could reach along the horizon, a white wave crest was speeding like a race horse. Nothing could resist that terrific cyclonic wave, and the moment it struck the Isadore she went upon her beam ends. Captain Phelps was at the mainmast, and as a hamper of rigging came down from above with a crash he was struck upon the head by a loose block. He dropped senseless upon the deck, and before any of the sailors could reach him a wave broke over the deck, the ship was partly submerged, and the captain and three of the crew were never seen again. This sealed the fate of the Isadore. Appalled at the fate of bluff Captain Warren the remainder of the crew lost their heads. For a brief time the wind drove through the rigging of the ship like a thousand howling demons, snapping ropes and booms, bringing the mainmast by the board and laying the ship to in such a way that the seas ran right over her in a resistless torrent.

Urged by the first mate and impelled by the utter desperation of the thing, the terrified sailors went forward to cut away the mast. But they had barely began work when the ship was literally buried in a tremendous sea. No person could live on deck at that moment. When that awful wave

was past and the gallant schooner came up from under it like a cork, not a man was left to even steer the ship. Every one of the crew was past earthly redemption. The cyclone was over almost as quickly as it had come. It had created terrible havoc with the stanch schooner, which, dismantled and leaking badly, lay upon her side in a rolling sea. Not a man of the crew of fourteen men was left. At the mercy of wind and wave the Isidore drifted on in the pathway of turbulent waters left by the cyclone. A more awful catastrophe than this could scarce be imagined. That not one of the crew should be spared seemed like a terrible decree of fate. And the setting sun glinted its rays across the subsiding sea and over the deserted deck of the hapless schooner. Below decks Ikey and Sam had been tumbled about like bits of glass in a kaleidoscope. Ikey had ruined his cravat and dislocated (as he declared) his spine. Sam had bumped his cranium in a forced somersault and raised a swelling which bid fair to equal the head in size. But though badly shaken and well aware of the fact that it had been a hard storm, neither of the boys dreamed of the actual casualty on deck. It was not until after the ship lay easy and quiet, though upon her side, that Sam proposed going on deck.

"It's over, Ike!" he said, joyfully. "Why the deuce don't they open the hatches."

"Whew! how she rolls," exclaimed Ikey. "I say, Sam, I don't hear anybody on deck."

"Wait a moment, I'll wake 'em up," said Sam, and he rushed to a speaking tube which connected with a shrill whistle by the mainmast. The result was a douche of cold water up his nostrils.

Nearly strangled, Sam abandoned this plan. But Ikey had climbed up the companionway, and endeavored to force open the hatch. He was unable to do so.

"I say, Sam," he shouted. "It's mighty queer that we don't hear 'em. S'pose anything has happened to 'em?"

The two boys in the dim light of the cabin looked at each other aghast. Sam was the first to act, and he raised his voice and shouted:

"Hello, Captain Phelps! Help!"

No answer came back. Not a sound from the deck above save the drip of water and the creaking of cordage. Pale and excited, Ikey exclaimed:

"I tell you, Sam, that ain't right. Something has happened, and— Great heaven! I am almost sure they are all drowned. What shall we do?"

There was a light of resolution in Sam's eyes.

"The first thing to do," he declared, "is to raise that hatch. We must get on deck."

"Can we do it?"

"We can try."

"Right you are."

With this they put their backs to the heavy trap and bore it upward. It required their utmost strength to do this, however. But it was accomplished and the boys sprung out upon deck. A wonderful scene was spread before them. To the westward all was a placid sea and clear sky. To the eastward could be seen the receding storm, and in the distance the sea was lashed to fury. But the boys only gave one glance at all this. Another spectacle was presented to them which held their interest completely. It seemed as if a small island had arisen from the sea. Not a mile

distant and off the shores of this the schooner was drifting. Waving palms and high cliffs could be seen after the manner of all tropical islands.

"Wonderful!" exclaimed Sam, with a deep breath. "Isn't that a beauty, Ike? We must pay it a visit."

"It will be a visit of compulsion, I am thinking," said Ikey, with pale face.

Sam gave a start.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"The schooner is sinking."

That Ikey had guessed the truth, a few moments of careful investigation conclusively proved. Water was rushing into the hold of the vessel through a large gap and she must soon sink. Here was a decidedly dampening discovery, and to other than the two plucky lads—only survivors of the wreck—might have been most discouraging. Only for a moment did either of them give way to depression of spirits. It needed only a brief examination to satisfy them both of the manner in which the crew had lost their lives. They experienced a pang of grief for the fate of Captain Phelps, whose friendship they had valued highly. But it was not a time to give way to depression of mind, for an exigency of the most pressing sort confronted them. The schooner was sinking, and to go down with it was by no means the inclination or desire of the boys. Self-preservation is the first law of nature, and they smothered the feeling of desolation which the fate of their companions had engendered, and gave attention to the present dilemma.

"Ain't it lucky, Sam, that we didn't stay on deck?" philosophized Ikey. "We can just thank our lucky stars for that."

"You're right, old boy. Deuce take it. I don't see a boat anywhere—do you?"

"Yes, there is the long boat."

"But it is stove."

"There is the dingey."

"Certainly; queer I didn't see it before. Let's get on our duds, and launch her as quickly as we can. We haven't any time to lose."

Sam vanished into the cabin, and Ikey proceeded to rig out the dingey ready for launching. In a few moments Sam reappeared with a square trunk on his shoulders.

"I thought you were after provisions," cried Ikey. "Going to take your trunk?"

"Of course," rejoined Sam. "All of my chemicals and electric batteries are in it. Do you think I'd let them go down with the ship? Not much! I might as well go down myself."

"Well, I know you hold that trunk pretty dear," laughed Ikey. "But if you are going to save yours, I might as well have mine. It will serve us a good turn on shore."

"But yours——"

"Has all my carpenter's tools and plans and my elephant rifle. Suppose I'd lose that? Not much!"

And down into the cabin went Ikey, presently appearing with a big trunk on his shoulders similar to Sam's. These were stowed away into the boat, and then it was launched. Just in time the boys leaped in and began to row away. They had barely reached a safe distance when the schooner with a mighty plunge went down. The water boiled and surged for some while and brought

some wreckage to the surface, but otherwise than this nothing remained of the gallant schooner which an hour before had plowed the main, a stanch and noble vessel. Cast away in the South Pacific, thousands of miles from home, adrift in a small dingey, and without even provisions, the position of our boy adventurers can well be imagined. Sam exchanged glances with Ikey and then said in a hoarse voice:

"Kind of tough, ain't it? We can't walk home, nor we couldn't buy a ticket on the cars if we wanted to. I'm inclined to think we've got to play Robinson Crusoe."

If there was a big lump in Sam's throat, there was one in Ikey's, too, but neither remained there long, for Ikey suddenly leaped up in the boat, crying:

"Luck! how's that for luck, Sam? Look! oh, just look at that!"

Sam did look, and the sight which rewarded the gaze of both boys thrilled them through and through. Around the corner of the tropical isle a full-rigged ship had glided in view. She had evidently escaped the typhoon, and it seemed as if an act of Providence had caused her to appear at that opportune moment.

CHAPTER II.—The Mutiny.

Stately and grand did the ship Pelican look as she turned the corner of the island at that moment, and the boys, delivered from their dubious prospects, sprung up and shouted with joy.

"Hurrah! They see us, Sam. Give 'em a yell. Hello, the ship! Hello!"

Ikey's voice reached the ears of those on the Pelican's deck, and a response came quickly enough.

"Ahoy, the boat!"

"Ahoy!" replied Sam.

"Do you want to come aboard?"

"Yes."

The boys heard a ringing voice give orders to the crew, and then the ship's head was brought around, the high cliff took the wind from her sails and the dingey came alongside. A rope was thrown, and Sam took a turn around the small boat's stern-post with it, and the ship once more stood off. In a few moments they were aboard the Pelican. The first thing which impressed the boys as they stepped on the Pelican's deck, and which they long remembered, was that the crew were the most villainous-looking set that they had ever seen. But the captain was a tall, genial-featured man, who exclaimed in a hearty voice:

"Well, lads, what on earth are ye doing round here in that light boat?"

It did not require but a few moments for Sam to tell the whole story. The crew crowded about, listening with deep interest. Captain Alden, which was the name of the ship's master, said:

"I saw the typhoon. It passed us a dozen miles to windward. Well, boys, that's hard luck, but you're welcome aboard the Pelican."

"Thank you!" said Sam. "But may I ask where you are bound for?"

"Certainly! I am going to Borneo from here. But we're out of water and I'm trying to make a landing on this isle to procure that necessity."

"Borneo!" exclaimed the boys in dismay. "How-ever shall we get home?"

"Well," said Captain Alden, good-humoredly, "you will likely find some American vessel going that way. In the meanwhile make yourselves at home on the Pelican."

"Thank you," replied the boys, gladly.

They proceeded to follow Captain Alden's instructions. They were given hammocks in the main cabin and tried to feel at home. But the horror of the loss of the Isidore and the awful fate of the crew was now revived in their minds, and they felt most depressed. It proved that Captain Alden was the only kindred spirit on board. The first mate was a ferocious-looking ruffian named Bud Danton, and he seemed to be continually inspiring the crew with mutinous feelings. It did not require an hour on board the Pelican for the boys to see this, and they would much have liked to tell Captain Alden their opinions, but were obliged to keep quiet. For three days the Pelican lay off the island, then a landing was effected.

The task of bringing off the water in casks was begun. Sam and Ike embraced the opportunity to go ashore. They found the tropical isle a bower of Eden so far as foliage and verdure was concerned, vari-colored birds sang in the forest, and animals of different species fled at their approach. From an elevation, Sam viewed the sea about, and saw that this was only one of a chain of small islands. The boys were delighted with the beauty of the island and returned to the ship very enthusiastic. As they were rowing to the ship, a strange thing happened. Bud Danton, the Pelican's first mate, was standing upon the stern of one of the boats engaged in bringing off the water casks. He was swearing at his men like a trooper, when a very peculiar thing occurred. One of the heavy casks becoming dislodged fell overboard. Danton had made an effort to restrain it and, losing his balance, fell over, too. He went down into the water tangled up in a coil of rope. The men in the boat, whether from choice or not, made no effort to save him. He must have drowned for a surety had it not been for Sam and Ike.

"Pull for him, Ike," cried Sam, and they turned their boat in that direction. Sam saw a part of the rope coil on the water and began pulling it in. This brought the half-drowned man to the surface, where he was held until the other boat could return. Had it not been for the prompt work of the boys Bud Danton must have been drowned. For this service rendered he did not even thank his rescuers. He commenced to curse the men again most roundly, and seemed to forget the episode entirely.

"He is a big brute," declared Sam.

"Worse, he is a coward," rejoined Ikey.

With these sentiments the boys returned to the ship. When the close of the day came and the Pelican lay rocking at her anchors, Sam came out of the main cabin and, meeting his chum on the deck, said:

"I say, Ike, what the deuce makes me feel so funny?"

Ikey looked up in surprise.

"Why, what's the matter with you?" he asked.

"I can't tell exactly; but I feel so queer, just as if something terrible was going to happen."

"Is that so? Well, do you know I feel the same way?"

The boys stared at each other.

"What is it?"

"What's up?"

"I can't understand it," said Sam finally. "It may not amount to anything, but I tell you I believe that something terrible will happen before another day."

"I don't see what it can be."

"Nor I. But I believe it."

The sunset in those latitudes was a wonderful sight, and the boys enjoyed it and remained on deck until quite a late hour before retiring. Sam's hammock was near an open port and any noise on the deck could be plainly heard by him. He had sunk into a troubled sleep, and it must have been near the hour of midnight when he was awakened. The sound of voices floating in at the open port was the cause. For the life of him he could not have ignored the voice above the others which he instantly recognized as Bud Danton's. Rising in his bunk, he began to listen, and was accorded a startling revelation.

"Everything is all ready, is it, Jake?"

"You can bet your life it is."

"There won't be any mistake?"

"Nix."

"All right. You'll do the job?"

"No. Bud is going to do it."

"Are ye, Bud?"

"Yes," replied Danton's harsh voice. "One stroke, boys, and the game is ours. We will run into Java, put aboard four good cannon and some small arms, on the quiet, then—Captain Danton and fortune! With a black flag at the old Pelican's masthead, we shall sweep these seas. We will be princes before a year has passed."

"Ay, ay!" cried a chorus of voices. "We are with ye, Bud."

"Every man on board has sworn to stick to the black flag once Captain Alden is out of the way. One stroke will settle that. He sleeps in his cabin now. Wait you here."

Sam waited to hear no more. Thoroughly impregnated with horror, he was out of his hammock in a twinkling. He shook Ike, waking him up.

"Quick, Ikey, for your life. They are going to kill Captain Alden. We must save him at any cost. For the love of heaven, quick!"

Ikey Barton needed no second bidding. He sprang up also and gasped:

"Oh, heavens, Sam! He is dead!"

"Dead?"

"Yes."

"How do you know that?"

"I just dreamed it."

"No—no," cried Sam, wildly. "Come! We must warn him in time."

They started for the cabin stairs. But they were unable to ascend. The hatch was down. All efforts to lift it were in vain. This was a scheme of the mutineers. Sam was frantic. The captain's cabin was just forward, and there was no other way for the boys to reach it. What should they do? And at that moment a muffled sound came to their ears which congealed the blood in their veins. A shuddering cry escaped Sam. From beyond the cabin partitions there came a stifled, awful cry of agony, then the indistinct sounds of

a scuffle and a heavy fall. Sam reeled back sick and faint.

"Oh, Ikey!" he gasped in horror. "They have murdered Captain Alden. What shall we do? Oh, what shall we do?"

It would be idle to attempt to depict with a pen the emotions of the two boys at that thrilling moment. Not only were they bound to reflect upon the horror of the dark crime, but the utter desperation of their own position. Who could say that their turn would not come next? Imprisoned as they were in the cabin, they were wholly at the mercy of the bloodthirsty mutineers. Why should Bud Danton spare them? Sam asked himself this question, and then sat down upon the cabin stairs to think. As he did so, there was the tramp of feet on the deck above and savage yells. The boys could hear the click of wine-glasses and hideous oaths, and knew that a carousal was being held. It was long after sunrise when the hatch was lifted, and an evil visage peered down upon the boys. A deep curse came down into the cabin.

"Ah, there ye are! Trying to git out, was ye? Well, come up and take a peep at daylight."

The boys climbed up to the deck and emerged into the light of day to find themselves confronted by the villain Danton and surrounded by the mutineers. But the crew of ruffians had changed vastly in appearance. They were now armed with cutlasses and pistols, and altogether bore quite a piratical appearance. Danton assumed a fierce expression of countenance and said:

"I'm captain of this vessel now, ye see. Captain Alden fell overboard. You'll take your orders from me now."

It was evident that he made these remarks solely for the purpose of seeing what effect they would have upon the boys. His desire was gratified. Sam, who was a stranger to fear, turned upon him with flashing eyes.

"That is a black lie, and you know it, sir. Captain Alden was murdered by you. I know it, for I heard the whole plot as you laid it out last night."

Words cannot express the effect of this upon the chief of the mutineers. His face turned as black as a thunder-cloud, and a dangerous gleam shot from his evil eyes.

"What?" he hissed. "You dare to talk to me that way, you little upstart? Why, you forget that your life is in my hands. I could kill you."

"Bah! You're a big blowhard and a coward," scoffed the plucky Sam. "The law will deal with you for this crime, sir. You dare not take the life of either of us. The world would not be so wide but that our friends would hunt you down."

"I dare not?" repeated the villain, in tones of thunder. "Curse you, for an impudent brat! I will show you whether I dare take your life or not. Hey there, men! Drop a line from the mainyard. Knot and loop it and make ready for hanging. Curse you! You shall die!"

In vain Ikey had pinched Sam's elbow and tried to restrain him in his imprudent declarations. The young American's blood was up, so to speak, and knowing the awful guilt of Bud Danton he could not help but give him his opinion clear and candid. And for this he was to hang from the yard-arm. When it seemed too late, a sickening sense of his imprudence came to him. He saw the lawless men reeve the rope which was to shut off his

wind forever, but an awful desperation seized him. Death in its most frightful form confronted him.

CHAPTER III.—Marooned.

To be hung from the yardarm of the Pelican was a fate which Sam Small had never dreamed of as his likely portion, nor did he relish the terrible prospect. Yet he could not help but realize that he was in the power of an unscrupulous man, a veritable fiend who would not hesitate to consummate revenge in just such a summary and frightful manner. Yet Sam's valor was of the stubborn kind, and he would have swung willingly from the yardarm before he would have retracted the declaration which he had made. Ikey was beside himself with horror and despair, and as the men came forward to seize his chum he rushed to the side of Danton, crying wildly:

"Oh, you must not hang him. You shall not—it is not right. He is too young to die yet. Oh, I pray of you not to do it."

These words of appeal fell unheeded upon Danton's hearing.

"Slip the loop around his windpipe," he cried savagely. "Stand ready to draw when I give word."

The ferocious orders were instantly obeyed. Sam was unable to resist. He was a child in the clutches of those human wolves. The noose was placed about his neck and he stood with ashen face ready to be swung up on his impromptu gallows. The men, obedient to the command of the villain Danton, stood by ready to draw on the rope.

"Now what do you think, young whippersnapper?" hissed the brute. "Do you realize that you are in my power?"

"I do realize it," replied Sam calmly.

Ikey rushed forward and clutched Danton's arm frantically.

"You must not—you must not hang him!" he cried wildly. "You forget that we saved your life. At least you owe us for that."

Danton gave a start and hesitated. An impulse prompted him to say:

"Yes, you saved my life. I do owe you for that. But you have defied me."

"Sam spoke hastily," cried Ikey. "Really he did not know what he was saying."

Danton gazed down into the boyish upturned face. What motive prompted him to relax his rigid purpose at that moment it would have been hard to say. It certainly was not that of compassion or charity, or even gratefulness for the favor done him. Of these qualities he was quite incapable. But he drew himself up, and motioning the men back, said:

"Upon one condition I will spare your lives. You must agree to it or die."

A glad cry burst from Ikey.

"What is that?" he asked eagerly.

"This ship from this day is a pirate ship, and the black flag will never be lowered from her masthead so long as one of her timbers floats. You must join our company and become of us. Will you do it?"

Ikey moved instinctively to Sam's side. They

both exchanged glances and then, turning to their captor, said in one voice:

"Never!"

Danton's face turned black. He seemed for a moment unable to control himself.

"Then you would rather die," he hissed.

"Yes."

"You are a brace of fools. Fortune would be yours. I want just such plucky lads as you. Think it over."

"We will die first," said Sam.

"Then die you shall," declared Danton angrily, turning on his heel. But he did not give the order to execute the hanging. Instead, he strode to the far end of the ship.

A sudden idea seemed to have struck him, for he returned quickly and cried:

"I have it! You are not afraid to die. Now I will offer you another alternative, which is worse than death. Do you see that island? It is a barren, desolate mote in the vast ocean. Perhaps for twenty years another ship may not sight it. You shall either agree to join our company or I will put you ashore there, without food or water, to die a lingering death. Now I reckon you'll come to terms."

The villain spoke with apparent conviction that he had at last found the right leverage. But he was doomed to disappointment. The boys exchanged eager glances. The idea of being marooned on this island was by no means to them a distasteful one. It was by all means far preferable to remaining on the pirate Pelican, under the subjection of the despotic Danton. To be left without food was serious, but there were birds and animals and even fish to be had. Sam, with inspiration, made reply:

"Look here, Danton. Why can we not compromise? If we do remain aboard your ship, it is by no means likely that we should work in your interests or remain in sympathy with your plans. It would be better for you to have nothing to do with us. Put us ashore on this island with our chests, and you may leave us food or not, as you please. You will then be as well rid of us as you would to kill us. Will you do this?"

Danton's face lit up oddly. Then with sudden decision, he said:

"You are right. It is my best way to get rid of you. I will do it."

Both boys felt like leaping in the air with joy, but restrained their feelings while the noose was removed from Sam's neck and he was once more free. Their spirits arose instantly. Danton was as good as his word. A boat was lowered, and the boys, with their valued chests, were rowed ashore. Unceremoniously dumped on the sandy beach of the tropical isle, they watched the boat pull back to the ship, saw the anchor weighed, a black flag run up, and the Pelican, under the new regime, stood seaward. Then Sam turned to Ikey and they clasped hands.

"Are you sorry?"

"You bet I ain't."

"I guess we can get a living here."

"That is better than our fate would be aboard that ship."

"You are right. Let us now take a look around."

Dragging their chests up out of the reach of the waves, they opened them and took out a couple

of Winchester rifles. Then, relocking the chests, they set out along the shore. It was early in the day yet, and the boys knew that they had ample time to reconnoiter the vicinity. Their sensations are not easily described in words. Marooned! What a world of significance the word held to them now. It seemed as if they had entered upon a new life. Would they ever see home and friends again? Both had faith they would, and, at all events, were not disposed to borrow trouble. Anything was better than life aboard the Pelican with Bud Danton as the captain. The boys shuddered when they thought of their narrow escape. The sandy shore of the tropical isle was as smooth as a floor to walk upon and the boys, in high spirits, sped along. They started up some game birds, much like a pheasant, from tall grass inshore, and shooting a brace, provided themselves with the material for a dinner when the time should come.

"I wonder if the island was ever inhabited?" mused Ikey, as he looked about in vain for some sign of human occupation.

"I should say not," replied Sam. "At least not by human beings."

"Shall we follow the beach any further, Sam?"

"Just as you please."

"Let us take a look into the interior."

"All right. It is fitting that we should know more of the place which may be our home for years, Ikey."

"So say I. Well, here goes."

With this Ikey diverged from the beach, entering a cleft in the cliffs. Suddenly he gave a great cry of amazement.

"As I live, Sam, the isle has been inhabited, if it is not at this very moment."

He pointed to a series of perfectly chiseled stone steps in the wall of rock. Of course the lapse of centuries had caused them to become overgrown with moss. Yet it was easy to ascend them, though Ikey had not taken a dozen steps upward when a viper struck at him from a crevice in the rock. Ikey killed it with the butt of his rifle, and the boys went up the steps. They led up to the summit of the cliffs, where a wonderful and startling sight met the gaze of the boy maroons. To seaward a mighty extended view could be had. Inland were seen hills and valleys overgrown with creeping vines and wild tropical foliage.

Just in the center of the island was a rugged rock-clad mountain with a thin blue mist like vapor ascending from it. That it was a volcano they rightly guessed. All this the boys took in at a glance. Then their attention was enchained by a nearer and more thrilling spectacle. In a semicircle upon the table rock of the cliff, chained with heavily forged chains to nine upright pillars of granite, were nine ghastly grinning skeletons. Horror of horrors! It was a maddening, terrifying spectacle, such as caused cold chills to traverse the frames of the two boy maroons, and call up all sorts of weird, fantastic reflections. Once, as it was easy to reflect, these nine hideous, whitened skeletons were nine living, breathing men. Chained to those pillars of stone, undoubtedly left to linger and die by some terrible foe, what must have been the sensations of each, especially of the last, as he witnessed the death-struggles of his comrades and knew that he must

soon follow. Both boys gazed at the awful spectacle for a moment spellbound. Then Ikey exclaimed:

"My God! did you ever hear of anything so inhuman as this, Sam?"

"Never."

"They are not the skeletons of cannibals, either. See!"

Ikey picked up the remains of a rusted cutlass and examined it.

"That is the make of a hundred years ago," he declared. "The mild climate has preserved these skeletons or they would have been dust long ago. Only think, they must have been chained here to die a century ago."

But Sam, with an excited cry, had bent down over a flat stone set in the semi-circle. Upon the stone was cut with a chisel, in indelible fashion, an inscription which threw a flood of light upon the awful mystery.

CHAPTER IV.—The Cliff-House.

Breathless and excited, the two boy maroons bent down over the inscribed rock set at the foot of the nine pillars of stone to which were chained the nine skeletons. Some of the characters were clogged with moss, but with a knife-blade these were cleared out, and then the boys read:

"A. D. 1794. Done by the hand of Captain Black. So may die all traitors. Amen!"

Ike looked at Sam, and for some moments silence reigned.

"Do you understand it, Sam?" asked Ike at length.

"Well," replied Sam in his methodical way, "I should say that these nine men were chained here and left to die by Captain Black, who esteemed them traitors. But who was Captain Black?"

"Why," exclaimed Ikey suddenly, "don't you remember that Captain Phelps told us of an old-time pirate captain in these seas whose name was Black?"

Sam's eyes shone like stars.

"That is right," he cried, "Captain Black was a noted pirate."

"Yes."

"There is not a sailor upon the high seas to-day but can give you wonderful yarns of old Captain Black. This is the same. What a horrible fate!"

A fearful fate, indeed! To stand enchained there, gazing seaward until a slow, lingering death came as a relief, must have been a terrible thing. For one to see another die before his eyes and know his turn must come next must have been hard indeed. The boys shivered, and turned away from the terrible spectacle.

"But Captain Black must have used this island as a sort of rendezvous," said Sam, as they started over the cliff. "Else why were those stone steps built? If their stay upon the island was simply for the purpose of executing the traitors they would hardly have gone to the trouble of building the steps."

"Undoubtedly we shall find other traces of the pirates," rejoined Ike. "We have explored but a small part of the island as yet, you know."

They were at the moment walking over the

cliff's vast ledges of rock, when suddenly Sam came to a halt with a little cry of amazement.

"What is the matter?" asked Ike.

"Wonderful!" exclaimed Sam. "Do you see that vein in the ledge? Note how it trends upward?"

"Yes."

"Well, that is a very fine grade of lead ore. I will warrant this isle is rich in minerals."

"Yes, but what is it worth? Nobody could ever come here to win it."

"It may be worth a good deal to us before we leave this isle," replied Sam quietly.

"What!" exclaimed Ike. "You don't mean to say that you would think of working that vein of lead?"

"It will all depend upon how long we remain on this isle," was Sam's reply, and with this he fell to making an examination of the vein with constant exclamations of delight.

He was an ardent student in mineralogy, and understood well the value of the rich deposit of ore. After some time spent thus, Ike exclaimed impatiently:

"Come on, Sam. We must not waste time here. There is much for us to do."

"It may not be time wasted," replied Sam sharply. "But then, you are right, we need much to find some comfortable place in which to spend the night. Now, if we could only find a snug little cavern in the cliff somewhere—oh!"

A sharp cry escaped his lips and terminated the sentence. At that moment the boys had come to a little bend in the cliff walls which here described a semicircle, leaving a sheltered little cove below, amply large enough for the anchorage of a good-sized ship. But, in the bare face of the mighty wall of rock, full fifty feet above the sands below, and twenty feet below the level of the cliff, was an aperture large enough to accommodate the body of a man.

"Look at that, Ike!" cried the young scientist enthusiastically. "There is just the place for our future home."

"Where?" asked Ike, staring with all his eyes.

"Don't you see it?"

"What—not that hole in the cliff!"

"Even so."

"Humph! You're crazy, Sam! How could we ever get to it; again, how do you know that it is large enough?"

"If it is not large enough we can make it larger," declared Sam, with confidence. "Perhaps you may not have noticed it, but the rock formation of that cliff is sandstone. With a good pickaxe, or any sharp steel instrument, I could fashion out a chamber in that soft sandstone in less time than you could possibly imagine."

"Well, that beats me," cried Ike, at once catching onto the idea. "What a head you have got, Sam Small."

"You can readily see what an advantageous place of residence it would be for us. Should the island prove to be inhabited by natives, which is more than likely, they would be apt to make war upon us. In such a place of defence they could not harm us."

"Hurrah!" cried Ike. "That is grand. If the stone works as easy as you say, there is no reason why we could not have chambers fashioned in

there, and, if need be, another means of exit and entrance than over the face of the cliff."

"Exactly."

"But what do you propose to do first of all?"

To his waist Sam had taken the precaution to tie a long rope. This he now proceeded to unwind, and made reply:

"I want you to lower me over and let me enter the place; I can then very soon learn how feasible the plan is."

"All right," agreed Ike.

With this they made a detour of the cliff wall, and finally arrived at a point directly over the aperture. Then, with the rope tightly secured to his waist, Sam allowed his chum to lower him over the cliff. It was a hazardous proceeding, for a fall from that height must mean a frightful death; but this did not deter Sam Small. Down over the face of the cliff he went, until finally he swung lightly into the aperture. A cry of joy escaped him which reached Ike's listening ears. The aperture proved but a narrow opening to a series of peculiar winding passages wrought by some strange freak of nature in the heart of the sandstone cliff. Sam reappeared a few moments later, and signaled Ike to draw him up. When he once more stood on the cliff wall, he said joyfully:

"It seems a place designed by Providence for us. We need make no material change at present. It is all right to stop a while in, in its present condition."

"Good!" cried Ike. "Let us go back after our effects, and move them right in here."

"First we must devise some sort of a better ladder to go in and out with."

For the present, however, the single rope was made to do the service of a ladder. It was given a turn securely about the trunk of a palm tree, and then the boys went back after their chests. As it would save much laborious effort, the chests were carried along the beach to a place under the cliff-house, whence they were hoisted up and into it. Then the rope was drawn up and a temporary rope ladder was devised by utilizing both ropes.

"They will do for a while," philosophized Sam. "But before they have time to get rotten we will try and make some sort of a rope with the fibers of those odd-looking vines which I see growing all over the island."

With their effects safely moved into their cliff-house abode, the boys felt quite secure and in better spirits than they had been since the mutiny on board the Pelican. In the chests they had blankets, clothing, an extra stock of ammunition, and their mechanical and scientific instruments, with some of Sam's choice books of science. The blankets were utilized to make a good bed, and nails were driven into the soft sandstone walls, and the rifles and instruments all hung up, so that very quickly the cliff-house began to look furnished and cheerful. A place was selected for a fireplace, and Sam's ingenuity devised a species of plaster made from lime found upon the island and sand, and with pieces of sandstone a chimney was devised to carry the smoke out of the dwelling.

As Sam had predicted, the sandstone was easy to work, and Ike conceived the idea of cutting a passageway, trending downward to the level of

the beach, as a means of exit in case the rope should fail. But this was relegated to the future, with many other plans which the present exigencies could not meet. Fish was procured in the cave, a species of toothsome crab and wild ducks were plentiful. The boys were at no loss for the satisfying of their appetites. So the first day passed, and the boys slept in the cliff-house. The next morning Sam, with only the aid of a chisel and mallet, cut a square window to the front room of the abode looking seaward. Even a rude lattice was rigged, and a telescope of powerful range, Sam's property, was placed in the window with which to scrutinize the sea line in the hopes of seeing a sail.

While Sam was laying out plans Ike was busy with the tools, fashioning the chambers into more convenient shape, so that in a few days the cliff-house was an abode to be proud of. Now that the first feeling of despair and loneliness had worn off, the boys became interested and even enamored of their work. There was a certain charm, a novelty in the fitting of their recluse abode which fired their young spirits with a sense of romance and adventure most enjoyable. The exploration of the island had been wisely left until the cliff-house was made habitable and defensible, then one morning Sam made a proposal.

"We have our fortress constructed, Ike; let us take a turn over the island now, and see what sort of a place we may have to spend our lives in."

"I am with you, pardner," cried Ike, picking up his rifle. "Come on."

They left the cliff-house, and struck out for the first time into the interior of the island. To their surprise, they saw from a height, a region spread before them of wondrous beauty and luxuriance of vegetation. Immense and impenetrable forests stretched for miles through mountain ranges, all overshadowed by a mighty smoking volcano. The young explorers penetrated as far as they could into the dense forest. Thus far they had seen no sign of human life. Plenty of animals and birds abounded, from the chattering monkey to the striped leopard, which did not venture to attack the boys. Presently the forest grew so thick that they could penetrate no further. They came to a sluggish river, winding through dark and dense foliage, and here threw themselves down to rest and drink out of a clear bubbling spring.

"Well, if this is not a veritable Eden, then I will treat," declared Sam, with enthusiasm.

But the words had barely left his lips, and Ike had no chance to make reply, when a chorus of guttural cries arose upon the air, and a score of dark forms emerged from the fastnesses of the forest about, and surrounded the boys. Fully a score of hideously painted natives with sharp spears, and making the most hostile of manifestations.

CHAPTER V.—The Makolos.

The situation in every sense of the word was thrilling and most undesirable. The boys had been taken wholly by surprise. Both sprang up only to find a forest of spears aimed full at their breasts. What could they do but surrender? To have offered resistance would not only have been

futile but the height of utter folly. There was no way to escape instant death. A powerful, broad-chested band they were, and but for the smudging of their chocolate-hued countenances with greasy paint they would have been a very good-looking class of men. It must be understood that there is in some of the South Pacific islands natives who are vastly different beings in color and features from the commonly accepted African prototype. Those natives, while naked, save for the breech clout, were of a peculiar dark hue of skin, not negroes certainly. For full a minute the boys stood motionless, covered by the forests of spears.

While both felt sick and faint with the feeling that their fate was certainly sealed, particularly if these natives were cannibals, they never gave way to any outward sign of fear. It was with a feeling of intense relief, however, that they saw the chief of the band with a guttural exclamation make a sign with his hand, and the spears were lowered and the natives fell back. The chief was a tall, finely-formed man, with a not unkindly cast of features, and his manner now reassured the boys greatly. He advanced from the throng and touching the palm of his hand to his brow made a low, obsequious bow, which was not unlike the mode of salutation of an Arab sheik. At the same time he muttered some unintelligible jargon, and by signs gave his prisoners to understand that they need not fear harm.

Emboldened by this, Sam at once attempted to make sign talk with him. This was not an easy task, but with every effort better success was accorded him, so that very quickly Sam got upon good terms with the native chief. The young scientist found that they were inclined to be far from hostile, and met friendly manifestations more than half-way. The result was that in a few moments the fierce attitude was relaxed, the men cast down their spears, and came forward with guttural grunts of approval. They sat down in various attitudes in a semi-circle, and the chief whom his men addressed as Matafayo, resumed the sign talk.

"We come from beyond the great waters," Sam said in sign talk. "Our people left us on the island. They were bad men. We want to make friends with you."

"The white men are welcome," was the chief's reply in signs. "Many years have passed since white men came to us. They came once and made war upon our fathers."

Sam and Ike surmised that this must have been the visit of Captain Black and his pirate gang so many years ago, and shook their heads in disapproval.

"We are not that kind," intimated Sam. "We love peace."

"Then the white men are welcome. They must come to the village of the Makolos, and our young men and women will dance for them."

The boys hesitated before accepting this invitation, and Ike exchanged glances with Sam.

"Shall we go?"

"I don't know as we can get out of it."

"Well, it won't do any harm. We must make friends with these people."

So they signified their willingness, and Matafayo, the chief, who seemed much flattered, arose and with dignity motioned his warriors to precede

them. Then they accorded his visitors the honor of walking with them, and very soon, coming into a well-beaten path in the forest, they made rapid progress, until suddenly the forest cleared and the blue sea was spread before them. Both the boys gave an exclamation of surprise, for they had not fancied their position so near the sea; and Matafayo explained that here an arm of the ocean extended into the island, affording a smooth bay, upon the shores of which the village of the Makolos was situated. They were even now in sight of the village, when a thrilling incident occurred. A sort of deep jungle lay before them, and in skirting this a loud cry of terror suddenly escaped the warriors in front, and they scattered right and left. Chief Matafayo came to an instant halt, and sprang to one side. All was done in the twinkling of an eye.

The boys heard a hoarse, snarling growl and saw a long, striped body shoot out of the jungle like a meteor. It had scattered the warriors, and seemed to have singled out the chief, for it sprang upon him with all the fury of the man-eater. The tiger is an animal more to be dreaded than the lion, as it is more crafty, more deadly, and the inveterate foe of man, whom it is prone to hunt. Matafayo had no time to make defense, and was crushed to the ground, the animal's jaws crunching through the bones of his shoulder. It was a terrible moment. With the form of his victim suspended in his powerful jaws the tiger stood for a moment, with head erect and growling savagely. Poor Matafayo was wonderfully calm and plucky, however, and as he hung there helpless, with the consciousness that his fate was sealed, he spoke reassuring words to his warriors. The two boys, Sam and Ike, were horrified. But only for a moment were they inactive.

"Great Heavens! he is lost, Sam!" cried Ike.

"Not if I can save him!" replied the plucky young scientist.

Then he began edging his way rapidly around to the right. This brought the tiger's left shoulder exposed to view. It was the right moment and position, and Sam Small was a dead shot. He knew that there the animal's heart lay, and he took steady aim. Crack! The rifle spoke sharply and with most deadly effect. The tiger leaped in the air with a wild howl, and dropped his victim. He lashed his tail furiously, and made a savage bound toward Ike. But Ike was prepared for him, and fired straight into his chest. The terrible blow made one plunge and then rolled in a struggling heap upon the ground. In two minutes he was lifeless. The result was wonderful to witness. Matafayo was just able to stagger to his feet, and the natives came up slowly and with apparent awe, gazing at the wonderful "fire-sticks" in the hands of the preservers. In spite of the recent seriousness of the situation, the boys laughed.

"I guess they never saw a gun before, Ike," remarked Sam.

"I should say not."

But the boys spoke reassuringly, and the superstitious Makolos advanced, and gave attention to their wounded chief. It was found that Matafayo's wounds, while painful, were not apt to prove serious, and he was enabled to have them bound up with some pieces of linen and balsam which the boys had. Then some of the Makolos

fell to skinning the tiger, while the others crowded about the boys, gazing with wonder at the deadly guns. Matafayo was especially curious, and forgetting his wounds, literally besieged the boys with questions.

"What makes it blaze?" he asked, in sign talk. "Where does the fire come from?"

Sam had some difficulty in explaining to him the explosive properties of the rifle cartridge. But the native chief could not get through his brain the philosophy of the explosion when the hammer struck the cap. He regarded the deadly cartridges almost reverently, and when Ike cut one of the bullets from the tiger's flesh in the region of the heart, he took it and placed it in his bosom.

"It will vanquish my enemies," he said. "It is sacred."

All of the natives regarded the boy owners of the wonderful firesticks with awe and an idea finally struck Sam.

"Would you like to see the gun go off?"

Matafayo nodded his head eagerly. Sam placed his hat, which was an old affair, upon a distant limb of a tree. Then, measuring off a certain number of paces, he called the attention of the natives to his actions.

"You see I put this in here," he said, placing the cartridge in the breech. "Then I draw this back," drawing back the hammer. "Then I pull the trigger."

He suited the action to the word and fired. The hat was seen to move, and one of the natives brought it, showing a bullet hole clean through it. At the explosion the natives threw themselves upon the ground in fear. But they gradually recovered from this. Next Sam brought down a hawk which sat upon a high limb. The natives ran and picked up the bird with wonderment, showing its broken wing. Then one of them placed his shield in the branches of a tree as a target, and Sam fired a bullet through it. Matafayo expressed in signs his opinion that their shields would hardly be adequate defense against the firesticks. Sam and Ike agreed with him. Then an idea occurred to Ike.

"Wouldn't you like to try it?" he said in signs to Matafayo.

The chief shook his head sadly, and indicated his wounded shoulder. But with an authoritative wave of his hand he commanded one of his men to come forward. The fellow came trembling, but Sam partly reassured him, so that he held the gun to his shoulder quite steadily. Then by Sam's direction he pulled the trigger. The result was too comical for anything. With the explosion of the rifle the startled native dropped it and turned several back somersaults with the rapidity of lightning. Then he cut sticks for the village as fast as he could go, and did not again show up. The chief laughed until his sides ached, as did Sam and Ike. Then Matafayo commanded the shield to be brought to him. But the last shot had went wide. No bullet-hole was in it. The chief's face was grave, and he could not seem to understand Sam's and Ike's explanation that the aim was not good. He shook his head soberly, and in signs made the confident assertion that the white boys were possessed of the magic charm which enabled them to kill with the fire-sticks. It being inadvisable to argue the point, and the tiger now being skinned,

they started for the Makolo village, a collection of bamboo huts. As they drew near a number of the natives came running out to meet them, and a sudden exclamation escaped Ike's lips as he clutched Sam's arm.

"As I live," he cried, "one of them is a white man like ourselves, Sam. What can he be doing here?"

CHAPTER VI.—Sam's New Project.

There was no mistaking the fact. One of the advancing party was a white man, though save for an old pair of white duck trousers he was as naked as the natives. His beard grew down upon his chest, and his hair over his shoulders. His face was patrician in its mold, though he was a man past the prime of life, and the boys could see that he was visibly affected at sight of them. It required but a few moments to cover the intervening distance, and the white exile, for such he was, lifted his hands and rushed forward to embrace the boy maroons with a wild cry of joy.

"God be praised!" he cried frantically. "Once more I behold people of my own nation. Oh, say that you have come to take me away after my twenty years of this exiled life. Where is your ship?"

"My good sir," said Sam, in tones of sadness. "I am sorry to visit disappointment upon you. But we are exiles upon this island fully as much as you."

The castaway's face fell for a moment, but quickly brightened.

"At least I can thank God for his kindness in sending fellowbeings of my own color to me. Oh, Mida will be overjoyed." Then, seeing a look of inquiry in Sam's eyes, he rejoined: "Mida is my daughter. When our ship sunk in mid-ocean, twenty years ago, she was but a child in my arms. For days we drifted about in an open boat, and by chance came upon this island. These native people have been kind to us, and we have not been unhappy with them. Indeed, they have made me a chief among them. But where was your ship wrecked?"

"Ah! We were not castaway," replied Sam.

"Not castaway?"

"No. We were marooned."

"Good heavens!" gasped the white chief. "How horrible! Who could have been so cruel as to impose that fate upon you?"

Sam and Ike briefly narrated the story of their adventures. Albert Cameron, which was the castaway's name, listened with deepest interest. When they had finished he said:

"You will hardly need your house in the cliff. These people are over friendly, and you shall come and live with us. While you have my sympathy in your cruel fate, I am nevertheless selfish enough to feel joy that you are marooned upon this island. It is like a ray of sunlight across my life."

Both Ike and Sam were favorably impressed with Albert Cameron. They walked on now toward the village. As they did so a young girl came out of one of the huts, and both Ike and Sam thought they had never seen such rare beauty as hers in all their lives. She came timidly, bash-

fully and was introduced by Mr. Cameron as his daughter Mida. Sam felt a peculiar thrill when his finger-tips came in contact with hers. After an interchange of remarks, Mr. Cameron insisted on the boys coming into his hut to partake of dinner. Matafayo, on the other hand, had invited them to his palace, but upon Mr. Cameron's explaining matters, he was quite contented to accept an invitation to be present at the white chief's dinner. Quite a sensation was created in the village by the arrival of the white boys. The entire village turned out en masse and thronged about the white chief's hut. King Matafayo took advantage of this to call for a dance of the young men and women, and it was given in a manner at once picturesque and fantastic.

The boys witnessed it with interest, and then went in to partake of the meal arranged by Mida's deft hands. After the dinner was over all sat down outside the hut and engaged in conversation. The boys were more recently from the civilized world, so that they were enabled to give Mr. Cameron a great deal of news. The white chief listened with interest, and asked numberless questions. But at length it became the turn of the visitors, and Sam inquired:

"Are there other islands adjoining this one, Mr. Cameron?"

"Oh, yes," was the reply. "Half a score at various distances. The nearest is but ten miles to the westward?"

"Are they inhabited?"

"Yes."

"By the same class of people?"

"No," replied Mr. Cameron. "We have been fortunate in getting in with a very fine class of natives. Most of these South Sea Islanders, if not cannibals, are at least bloodthirsty and treacherous."

"Indeed! Do they ever visit this island?"

"On rare occasions. Only two years ago we had a hard battle with three hundred cannibals just off the point there. We lost a hundred men, but we defeated them."

"They have not come back since?"

"No."

"But do you not fear another visit?" asked Sam, with interest.

"We are prepared for it, but they may never come again. They come in huge war canoes."

"Another question," said Sam. "Can you tell me anything about the nine skeletons chained upon the cliff yonder?"

"What! Have you seen that already?" exclaimed Mr. Cameron in surprise. "The natives never visit there. A superstitious fear keeps them away. Oh, yes, that is the handiwork of old Captain Black, the pirate. You have heard of him?"

"Yes," assented Sam and Ike in one breath.

"But would it not seem to you that at one time this was the pirate's rendezvous?"

"I have no doubt of it."

"In that case, is it unreasonable to suppose that there is a treasure buried on this island somewhere?"

"It is quite reasonable," assented Mr. Cameron.

"Did you ever look for it?"

"No. What would its discovery avail me? I would rather sight a ship and get off the island. Gold is below par here."

"Then you have little hopes of ever seeing home again?"

"I have had so little belief that I should that I have in many ways conformed to the native mode of life. On the other hand, I have done much to try to civilize them."

"Great!" exclaimed Sam, with flashing eyes. "They are a very good-looking, intelligent race for an uncivilized people, Mr. Cameron."

"Yes, they are."

"It would not be difficult to teach them the arts."

"I believe you."

"Why," exclaimed Sam enthusiastically, "I believe it would be possible in a lifetime to build up a small kingdom right here on this island. With a knowledge of the arts, how these people would progress!"

"You are right, but alas! I am not qualified to teach them. My knowledge of physics or mechanics is limited."

Sam said no more at the moment. But he was quite full with the idea from that time. A strange, seemingly improbable dream had found shape in his brain, and he would not be satisfied until it had been executed.

"It can be done," he mused to himself. "These people can be taught the art of mining, of pottery, of making iron and of tilling the ground, and building substantial houses. Ah, to found such an empire here I might forswear my native land."

Sam Small never did things by halves. At an opportune moment he separated from the others and walked down to the shore. The site was a grand one for a small city. Here was a harbor capable of sheltering hundreds of ships. It was a favorable spot to build wharves, and he already fancied a traffic with the great nations of the world in spices, in indigo, in fruits, minerals, and the many products of the wonderful isle. Indeed, he waxed so enthusiastic over the subject that he fell to pacing up and down the shore, talking aloud to himself.

"At least we could open traffic with the natives of other islands about here, and if they are warlike we will conquer them. Gunpowder can easily be manufactured here, and with my knowledge of electricity—oh!"

"Your pardon, Mr. Small," said a musical voice, indeed like the tinkling of silvery bells at his elbow. "I am very sorry to have disturbed your meditations. This is my hour for exercise upon the water in my canoe."

"Miss Cameron!" exclaimed Sam, gallantly. "Allow me to assist you."

And Sam assisted the young girl to place the light canoe in the water. One moment she posed lightly in the feather-like craft upon the swell and smiled bewitchingly at Sam.

"You see I am a water sprite," she cried, with a merry laugh. "Oh, you need not look so fearful. If it tips over I can swim ashore."

"I must certainly compliment you on your skill," cried Sam, lifting his hat. "You are a very graceful canoeist, Miss Cameron."

Every vein in Sam's body tingled in a manner which he could not understand. Young ladies had rarely if ever made an impression upon the prosaic young scientist, but certainly Miss Mida Cameron had made a deep and lasting one. He still stood watching the light canoe and its graceful occu-

pant glide like a feather across the gleaming waters of the bay, when a rippling laugh in his rear called him back to his senses. Ike and Mr. Cameron, with Matafayo and several of the natives, had come down to the shore.

"Well, Mr. Small," cried Mr. Cameron, heartily, "thinking of the future metropolis, eh? Ah, I am afraid the obstacles to your enterprise are many and great."

"Not so great but that they can be overcome," replied Sam, confidently.

"What is this?" asked Ike. "Got a new idea, Sam?"

"Yes; he is designing a great kingdom, to excel any other in the world, upon this productive island," said Mr. Cameron.

"Wonderful!" cried Ike, with youthful confidence leaping at the idea. "Why not carry it out, Sam?"

"At least we can make it our diversion while we are obliged to remain here," said Sam, confidently. "Perhaps we may succeed so well that we will never want to leave the island."

"Good!" cried Ike, enthusiastically. "I will do my part, Sam. At least I can teach those chaps how to build houses and saw out lumber, or hew it out, if we have no saw-mill."

"And while you are doing that," declared Sam, "I will engage to mine and smelt the iron ore with which to manufacture the necessary tools."

The project was too grand a one for momentary contemplation. How much further the boys would have theorized it is impossible to say had it not been for a sudden wild, fearful cry from Matafayo. At the same moment a deafening din arose in the village, and natives came rushing out with spears and shields. The boys at that moment saw with leaping hearts the cause. From around the point into the bay four large native canoes, loaded with armed warriors, had shot into the bay. In the stern of the foremost stood a white man.

"Bud Danton!" gasped the boys.

What was worse than all, the foremost canoe was endeavoring to cut off the light craft in which was Mida Cameron. A horrible fate would be hers should they succeed.

CHAPTER VII.—To the Rescue.

No incident could possibly have occurred to so thoroughly startle those upon the shore as this sudden appearance of the hostile canoes. What astounded both Sam and Ike also was the presence of Bud Danton in one of the canoes. The last seen of the mutineer he had been elevated to the position of captain of the Pelican, and had sailed out of the island bay upon a piratical cruise. His sudden appearance upon the scene in this unexpected manner was a mystery which could not at the moment be solved. The canoes had already cut off Mida and her light craft, and it was seen with horror that she was certain to fall into the hands of the dreaded enemy. The effect of this upon Mr. Cameron was fearful.

"Oh, my God! She must be saved," he cried frantically. "They are the Bokaris, and man-eaters. Oh, my child! I will save you or die!"

He was so frantic with the most utter desperation and despair that he rushed into the surf, but was withheld by several of the natives. It was now seen in what respect Matafayo was evidently fitted to be the chief of the Makolos. With wonderful command and giving forth ringing orders in his clear voice, he had his warriors marshaled upon the shore, and several large canoes in the water. These were quickly manned to give battle to the marauding cannibals. Mr. Cameron, now in a calmer mood, assumed command of one of the canoes. Into another Sam and Ike sprang, and out into the bay shot the light vessels.

"Give them a shot. Ike" said Sam. "Let us fetch down Danton, if we can."

"All right."

Both rifles spoke with a sharp report, and two bullets went speeding over the water. Only one took effect, one of the natives leaping in the air and falling overboard. Danton still remained standing in the stern of one of the canoes. But he evidently had recognized the boys, for a mocking laugh came across the waters from his lips. The canoe in which he was was the one which intercepted Mida, and it was seen by the agonized father that she had been lifted aboard the cannibal craft and was a prisoner. To the amazement of all this seemed to be the only purpose which the Bokaris sought to accomplish. Having succeeded, they turned their canoes seaward and spread lateen sails, speeding away before the wind. A great cry of scorn, rage, and chagrin went up from the Makolos. An awful note of despair escaped Mr. Cameron's lips.

"Oh, Mida is lost," he wailed.

So it indeed seemed. The canoes of the Makolos were without sails, being manipulated with paddles only. The Bokari craft speedily distanced them. Once out to sea, pursuit was out of the question. The Makolo canoes were not seaworthy, and the discomfited natives were compelled to return. Nor was it possible to pursue the abductors. The Makolos had no sea-going canoes, being a peaceful people and never visiting the adjoining islands as did the Bokaris. Pen cannot depict the scene upon the return to shore. Mr. Cameron was wholly inconsolable. It seemed as if his intense grief would kill him.

"You see, I must give Mida up as lost forever," he cried, in wildest anguish. "I know the Bokaris too well not to know what sort of a fate will be hers. We cannot follow them. Even if we could, it is not likely that we could defeat them in their stronghold."

Sam particularly felt bad over the affair. He walked up and down the beach with compressed lips and flashing eyes. Suddenly he turned to Ike.

"What do you think of it, Ike?" he asked. "What is Bud Danton doing among that cannibal crew? He did not seem to be a prisoner, but rather a chief, for he seemed to direct the operations."

Ike shook his head.

"It beat me," he muttered. "I know of only one explanation."

"And what is that?"

"Either the Bokari's crew rebelled and marooned him among those cannibals, or the ship has been wrecked and he is a survivor."

In lieu of a better explanation this was accept-

ed by the boys. But the vexatious question of rescue was not yet settled. For no one thought of abandoning that idea of rescue. Both Sam and Ike had strong hopes of saving Mida from the fate which her father had already consigned her to.

"Mr. Cameron," said Sam, with deep feeling, "we both feel very bad for you. However, you must keep up a good heart, for it is not impossible to rescue Mida."

The agonized father's eyes shone wistfully.

"Oh, if you could only suggest a way of rescue," he declared, "I should be made the happiest man in the world. But why discuss it? It cannot be done."

"I believe it can," said Sam.

"You do?"

"Yes."

"How?" was the eager question.

Sam turned to Matafayo.

"Have you a man among your people who could guide the way to the Bokari Island?" he asked.

Mr. Cameron interpreted the question to the Makolo chief, who at once replied in the affirmative.

"Let him come forward."

Matafayo made a sign, and one of the natives, a tall, finely formed fellow, stood before them.

"You must let him go with us," said Sam. "Now, bring us to your strongest canoe."

Ike went back to the cliff-house for his carpenter's tools. While he had gone Sam was busy directing the bringing of bamboo poles and such small lumber as the natives made use of. Mr. Cameron watched the operations eagerly, and finally asked:

"I think I can understand what your purpose is. You are going to build over the canoe and make an effort to reach the Bokari island."

"Yes," replied Sam. "That is my purpose."

Mr. Cameron shook his head sadly.

"I fear it cannot be done," he said, despondently. "What could such a handful of men as that one canoe would hold hope to do with the legion of Bokari?"

"We shall see," replied Sam, with set lips. "There are more victories won by stratagem than by force, remember."

"Well, I will give my life in the attempt," said Mr. Cameron.

By this time Ike had returned with his tools. The manner in which he took hold of the task of rebuilding the canoe showed him an alert carpenter. In a very short space of time the canoe was given a deck, water-tight compartments and a mast. Rigging was made of a peculiar jute rope which the natives manufactured. Then Sam went to the cliff-house to bring away with him his elephant rifle and a queer-looking wooden case, the contents of which were only known to himself. The boys stepped into the canoe and the native guide with them. Mr. Cameron was about to follow, but Sam interposed.

"We are going alone," he said.

The white chief was astounded.

"You will not take me?" he asked.

"No," replied Sam, firmly. "You will help us more by remaining here. In the end you will see that we have pursued a wise course."

"But at least tell me why you will not let me go?"

Sam evaded the question skillfully, and pushed

the canoe off. His real motive was a warrantable one, for he knew that their undertaking was one which required the coolest of action, and which an over-zealous, excitable person might ruin. So Mr. Cameron was left upon the shore, watching their departure with mingled emotions. The canoe, as rebuilt, behaved admirably in the rough sea outside, and a course was set for the Bokari island. It was near dark when the native guide suddenly started up, and, with a peculiar cry, pointed to the horizon where a black line had appeared. It was the Bokari island. A short time later the high black cliffs and waving palms of the island were easily distinguishable, and Sam exclaimed:

"We will hardly reach it before dark, Ike."

"Think so," rejoined his chum.

"But that will favor our plans, for the enemy will not see us land."

"You are right."

It was quite dark when the canoe leaped the surf and was drawn ashore and the plucky little party of rescuers stood upon the enemy's territory. They had no means of knowing what the result would be, what dangers lay before them—that certain death might become their portion.

Their guide now directed them to a little velley as the abode of the Bokaris. Towards this the three now made their way. They came to an opening to the sea, and they now saw a wreck. Then the boys suspected it was the wreck of the Pelican. It was only a short distance to the Bokari village, and they advanced cautiously. When they reached within a hundred yards of it, they consulted what was the best way to rescue Mida. To their relief now came a plan of Hyjah, their guide. It was his idea to make himself up as near as possible like a Bokari and go among the huts and see how the land lay. It was agreed to, and soon the natives set out. It was some time before he returned with the information that Mida was confined in a hut in the center of the village, and that Denton had been made a chief among the Bokaris, and that the crew of the Pelican had been killed and eaten.

This news placed the boys in a most unsatisfactory frame of mind. But now a thrilling incident occurred. There was a blinding glare of light in the murky air, and a tremendous explosion. The ground commenced to rock and a column of smoke arose from the summit of the mountain at the foot of which the Bokari village was situated.

A volcano had sprung into being. The Bokaris ran shrieking from the village. Then the guide clutched Sam's arm and pointed. The boys saw Denton with Mida in his arms making his way out of the village, which was now burning. The boys and the guide started for Denton. Sam caught the villain first. Then Denton saw the two boys, and he roared:

"Curse you! After the gal, are you? Well, I'll kill you before you will get her!"

But just then some missile flying from the volcano struck him and he was placed hors de combat.

Sam now seized Mida in his arms and started up the mountainside, for the Bokaris were now advancing toward them to cut them off from the boat. As they advanced up the mountain a river

of lava separated our friends from the cannibals, and the natives fled in terror.

But now they perceived another lava stream descending upon them from above.

CHAPTER VIII.—Into the Depths.

Death in its most hideous, awful form impended over our friends, and only a seeming miracle saved them. To retreat before the oncoming lava would have been madness. To go to the right or left there was no time, for its course was wide. But Sam had observed a dark spot in the side of the mountain but a few feet above his position. The reflected glare of light now revealed to his startled gaze the yawning mouth of a cavern. In an instant he dragged Mida toward it, crying:

"Come quickly. For our lives. It is a cave and here is safety for us."

At the same moment Ike and Hyjah saw the cavern. It did not take them hardly an instant of time to reach it. Mida was fairly carried by the boys. Into the cavern for a distance of ten feet they went, and they sank down from sheer exhaustion. They were saved. Just by a hair's-breadth, though. The mighty volume of lava went pouring down the mountain over the mouth of the cavern. It made the air stifling within, but luckily its volume was not permanent. Sam sat up and wiped the perspiration from his face.

"That was the most narrow escape I ever had," he declared. "I wouldn't care to go through it again."

"Nor I," cried Ike.

As for Hyjah, he made frantic gestures. Mida raised herself upon her elbow and said:

"Oh, I cannot thank you enough for all you have risked and done for me. I shall never forget it."

Ike arose and went to the mouth of the cave. The flow of lava had ceased now, but the ground was unfit to walk on, and to leave the cavern was an impossibility. There was no alternative but to spend the night in the place; so our friends made themselves as comfortable as possible. Gradually as the night wore on the mighty trembling of the mountain ceased and the air became cooler. When daylight came the volcano only emitted flame and smoke at intervals. But what a scene was spread below. Such ruin and desolation our friends had never seen before; the fertile valley had been transformed by the fire fiend into a vale of utter desolation.

They left the cave and started for the seashore.

It was more than likely that the Bokaris would be on the lookout for them. Therefore they kept as much as possible behind obstructions, such as rocks and mounds, until the valley was reached. Here Hyjah was allowed to go ahead and reconnoiter. He returned very soon with the joyful intelligence that the coast was clear, so far as the Bokaris was concerned. But a wide stream, fully one hundred feet broad, of molten lava, intervened between them and a direct line to the sea coast. This stream of lava might extend in the valley for a mile or more. To cross it was quite impossible.

"Can we not bridge the stream in some way?" asked Ike.

"No," replied Sam, positively. "What material have we? Rock even would be no barrier."

This was true. It was a most unpleasant situation. However, they kept on until the bank of lava stream was reached. It was seen at a glance how impossible it was to cross it. They stood disconsolately upon the bank of the fiery stream and waited, hoping that it would abate its volume. But there was a mighty reservoir of the molten stuff in the crater of the volcano. Had it occurred to the boys to go up the mountainside at that moment they would have found an easy means of crossing. At a certain point the stream narrowed to a width of scarcely three feet between high jutting rocks. This they were destined to discover later. They remained some time at this point vainly cogitating upon some means of crossing the lava stream when a warning cry broke from Hyjah's lips. The others turn and were rewarded with a startling sight.

Directly up the valley towards them on the run were advancing a band of the Bokaris. They were yelling wildly, having caught sight of our adventurers. It was a thrilling moment. In front was the stream of lava. Behind were the deadly foe. What was to be done? The outlook might well have caused stouter hearts to quail. But Sam started up the mountain for the cover of some rocks above. He picked up his elephant rifle and inserted an explosive shell.

"I'll teach them a lesson," he muttered, as he drew aim.

Straight into the horde he fled. The explosive shell, one of the kind used in India to kill elephants and hippopotamus, struck one of the islanders and exploded.

"Hurrah!" cried Ike. "Give it to 'em, Sam."

Sam was rushing up the mountainside and paused to fire again. Ike and the other were just below. Just as Sam fired a strange thing happened. The ground gave way underneath him, and in a twinkling he vanished from sight. Ike and the others halted aghast. Then Ike sprang forward and gazed down into the hole. As he did so a sulphurous jet of steam and smoke came up and filled the orifice. This settled all doubt.

CHAPTER IX.—Home Again.

Horror, blended with anguish, was predominant in their souls as our adventurers realized the fact that Sam Small was gone beyond any possibility of rescue. The outcome of smoke and steam from the orifice must preclude any other supposition but that he was ere this consumed by fire, perhaps thousands of feet below in the crater of the volcano. For the moment they forgot the Bokaris, and Ike was wringing his hands in an insane manner when Hyjah clutched his arm. Then the boy maroon came to his senses, and in that swift instant realized the folly of sacrificing his own life as well as the lives of the others. He turned and offered Mida his arm.

"We will fight to the end," he muttered grimly.

Ike started for the cover of the rocks above. As it was reached a great cry of joy escaped his lips. He saw that here it was possible to cross the lava current.

Hyjah took one of Mida's arms and Ike the other. They crossed the river of lava, and fairly

carrying the young girl, sped down the mountain. The Bokaris reached the lava stream, and it was some time before they discovered the place of crossing. By that time our friends had reached the cover of the dense woods. Ike paused only to fire a parting shot, and then they made a bee-line for the coast. They soon came out upon the sandy beach. Mida bore up bravely. The wreck of the Pelican was passed again, and finally the spot was reached where they had left the canoe. It was but a moment's work to shove it out and embark. Ike trimmed the sail, and they went scudding out to sea before a fine breeze.

But as they made an offing from the island the shore became thronged with islanders. They had escaped none too soon. Fortunately the Bokaris had no canoes at that point, so they could not offer pursuit. Before an hour the Bokari island had sunk out of sight upon the horizon. At nightfall their own island was sighted, and they beat in the little bay on whose shore was the Makolo village. Their appearance was the signal for wild demonstrations on the part of the Makalo warriors. All the people came rushing down to the shore, and drums were beat. Mida stepped ashore, to be clasped in her frantic father's arms.

"It is to you two brave boys that I owe all," he cried wildly. "But—your companion—Sam—where is he?"

One swift, inquiring glance the white chief of the Makolos gave Ike, then the color fled from his face.

"Sam—is—dead," said Ike, in a choking voice, then flung himself upon the sands in an ecstasy of grief. Mr. Cameron was quite overcome.

Ike Barton felt the loss of his chum keenly, and would not be comforted that night. Even Mida's soothing tones had but a transient effect upon him. The next day, however, he was calmer, and went about his duties in a methodical manner.

"Sam was as dear as a brother to me," he said, sincerely. "We have planned to accomplish so much, and now I am left to do it alone."

"We will make the best of our loss," said Mr. Cameron, bravely. "I have some knowledge of the smelting and working of iron ore."

"Have you?" cried Ike, eagerly.

"Yes."

"There are fine deposits of mineral on the island."

"Indeed, there is a supply of almost everything we need. I am with you, my boy. You can go to work on your lumbering and the teaching of your men how to handle the tools——"

"Ah!" exclaimed Ike, ruefully. "There is the rub. My tools are but few in number."

"Do as well as you can," cried Mr. Cameron. "I will do my part. My first move will be to put a gang of men at work in a clay bank not far from here, making brick——"

"You understand the process?"

"Yes."

"Hurrah! We shall have chimneys for our houses and a smelting furnace and chimney. Let us go to work."

Ike became in a measure oblivious to his sorrow in the new project. Matafayo was consulted and readily furnished a quota of men, oversee-

ing them personally. The Makolos were very intelligent and apt. Mida was not without her department. She had decided to found a school and teach the little Makolos the English language, as well as their own, and the rudiments of reading and writing. Ike went to the cliff house, which he and Sam had constructed, and brought away his tools. There were axes and saws, and chisels in plenty for a small gang. But the minor and equally important tools, such as planes and shaving implements, were few in number. First of all, it was necessary to teach his inexperienced workmen how to fell a tree and lop the branches. This art was easily acquired. Then came the laborious work of hewing and sawing, and in the latter Ike was greatly helped by a long two-handed saw which fortunately he possessed.

The natives watched his operations and accepted his directions with much awe, though deep interest. They were clamorous for an opportunity to learn the new arts, and Ike found that it was not necessary to drive them to their work. Thus the days passed, the men going out every day to their work just as in civilized countries. The little island village was the scene of great activity and bustle. Having hewn the timbers, Ike proceeded to frame a small house. Mr. Cameron had drawn rocks and laid a foundation, and already had manufactured sun-dried brick for the chimney. Ike finally completed the frame of the new house, and then came the ceremony of raising it upon the fine stone foundation. It was a gala day in the Makolo village when in exactly two weeks from the date of beginning the first house in the new city was given tangible shape by raising the frame. But at this juncture Ike was brought to a stand-still. Wooden pins would unite the sills and frame, but nails were needed for the floors and sheathing.

But soon Mr. Cameron was able to smelt enough iron ore to make nails. Work progressed with the house building in good shape. One day as Ike was on a tour of the island with Hyjah they came to a gruesome place where two skeletons lay. Ike perceived just back of the skeletons the opening to a cave. Entering it, he and the guide came to a large heap of gold coins lying on the floor of the cave, and a knife with the inscription: "The property of Captain Black!" Ike now shouted: "Come on, Hyjah, let us explore the cave."

Sam Small was not dead. He had landed on a ledge of rock out of the way of the stream of lava. He picked himself up and saw he was at the opening of a sort of cavern. He traced it to its end and came out on the mountainside. He saw the desolation made by the volcano and realized that his friends were not on the island. He reached the shore and swam out to the wreck of the Pelican. But just as he climbed up to the deck a horde of savages swarmed on deck from a canoe which was on the other side of the hull. The boy was taken captive. He was placed in the canoe and rowed ashore, and was deposited on the sand. But the savages had made a batch of his bones, for Sam worked them loose in no time and while the natives were consulting as to the best mode of putting him to death, scoted at a short distance away, Sam mounted his feet and put for the boat, entered it, and paddled off. Night came

on and Sam let the boat drift. When morning came he was near the shore of another island. Landing on the island, he was about to pull the canoe out of the water when he was suddenly pounced upon by a gang of black men. For a week he was kept a close captive; then he was given his liberty and made a chief of the tribe. But Sam was intent on escaping, so at the first opportunity he made his way one day to the shore, put the canoe into the water and started off, but not before he was discovered by the natives, who fired poisoned darts at him, one of which entered his wrist. Death was close upon him.

CHAPTER X.—The Bokari Attack.

Ike Barton acted wholly upon an impulse in entering the cave with Hyjah at his elbow. The discovery that one of the skeletons was undoubtedly that of Captain Black, the famous pirate, had fired his interest and excited his curiosity. Such a thing as danger had not occurred to him. He had hardly entered, however, when he was confronted by a huge tiger, but Ike's rifle made short work of him.

"Take care," said Hyjah, apprehensively, in sign talk. "He may have a mate hereabouts."

But a few moments' examination of the cavern disproved this fear.

"I will take his skin home for Mida," Ike decided. "But first let us see what sort of a stronghold old Captain Black has here."

The cavern did not penetrate into the solid rock more than fifty feet. There were three distinctively divided chambers, one of these being divided by masonry. There were heaps of mouldering blankets, coats, and knee breeches, clothes after the pattern of a century previous. Old flintlock carbines, cutlasses and dinks of ancient make were piled in one corner, and several kegs of gunpowder which Ike found in good condition.

"Hurrah!" he cried. "This is the most valuable discovery of all. We need not now get short of ammunition."

There were also some articles of furniture, tables, chairs, and seaman's chests thrown about. In one corner the tigress had made her nest and raised her litter of young. The air was close and noisome, and Ike was finally glad to quit the place.

"This is quite a discovery," he reflected. "We need not now fear the attacks of the Bokaris. There are several hundred stands of small arms which can be used by our people, as well as the cutlasses. Altogether we may now have a well-equipped army. As soon as we find a means of procuring saltpeter we shall manufacture our own gunpowder. So much for progress in the building up of our South Sea empire."

Ike was now in a jubilant frame of mind. In leaving the cavern he placed a few of the gold doubloons in his pocket.

The day was now drawing to a close, but Ike was not yet ready to return to the village. In a deep ravine, some distance to the interior, he found unmistakable evidence of a rich deposit of iron ore. It was of a better quality than any yet discovered. The vein seemed to turn through the face of the cliff wall. In examining

it a well-nigh fatal accident happened. Hyjah, flat upon his stomach, was peering over the edge of the cliff, when it crumbled beneath him. Ike saw him going, and sprang to save him. But he was just too late. With an awful cry of terror Hyjah went over the verge. It was a fall of five hundred feet to the depths below, and meant certain death. There seemed nothing to save the unfortunate native.

"Great heavens!" gasped Ike, with blanched face. "He is lost!"

But a seeming miracle saved him. Twenty feet below in the sharp face of the precipice there grew a stout shrub. Hyjah fell directly into this, and there lodged. A wild cry of joy went up from Ike's lips.

"Hold fast, my brave fellow," Ike said tersely. "I will save you or die in the attempt."

Ike was deadly in earnest. At that moment a happy idea occurred to him, and he acted upon impulse. Long trailing vines covered the huge rock near. These were often used by the natives as ropes, they being pliable and strong. In less time than it takes to tell it, Ike uprooted one of these and lowered it over the edge of the cliff. Just in time, too, for the shrub to which Hyjah clung was just beginning to give away. In a few seconds the nimble native was safe by Ike's side. The boy castaway was so overjoyed that he could not resist giving Hyjah an embrace.

"This is enough for one day," he declared excitedly. "Come, Hyjah, let us return home."

The native was more than willing, and they set out at once. Ike was thinking of the good luck in finding the gunpowder, and picturing Mr. Cameron's surprise at the good news, when they came suddenly in sight of the Makolo town, and a great cry escaped Hyjah. At the same moment Ike saw the awful cause of the native's terror. The bay was crowded with native canoes and a swarm of black warriors were being landed. It was the Bokari warriors come to make an attack upon the Makolos. A fearful, bloody battle was impending.

CHAPTER XI.—A Brave Stand.

Hyjah gave the war-cry of the Makolos, and with Ike by his side started for the scene of action. Ike loaded his repeater as he ran. It seemed as if he would never reach the village. The Bokari had landed a large force and were directing a murderous attack upon the village. The situation was critical. Mr. Cameron was vainly endeavoring to organize the Makolos into a line of defense on one side of the town, Matafayo was doing the same at the other end. The Bokaris were actually making a landing. In vain the Makolos tried to hold them back. The cannibal king, in a mantle of tiger skin and with a huge shield and war club, was ably directing the attack. The Bokaris were fierce fighters. Bud Danton, the pirate captain, was foremost in the attack.

The sensations experienced by Ike may well be imagined. At that moment death held no terrors for him. He was so thoroughly wrought up that he would have faced a battery of guns without flinching. Hyjah was by his side, and they

reached the Makolo village to meet a terrified concourse of women and children. Ike sprang forward and clasped Mida Cameron's hands in his. The young girl was white and terrified, but yet calm.

"These women and children must have refuge," said Mida.

"And you?"

"No," replied the young girl firmly. "I do not fear death. I prefer to remain here and assist the wounded."

"That will never do," cried Ike. "You must all go to some safe place. Come here, Hyjah."

The young Makolo advanced and bowed low.

"You must take all these women and children to the cavern from which we have just come. Do you understand?"

The Makolo nodded in reply, and at once set about the performing of the task. Ike was obliged to argue with Mida, but finally induced her to go. Having seen all this executed, he now turned to the scene of battle. The Makolos in the cover of their houses, built by the ingenuity of the boy maroons, were holding the foe at bay bravely. The air was filled with flying arrows and javelins. Mr. Cameron was loading and firing with his rifle as rapidly as possible. Every shot counted. But the Bokaris had come in great numbers, and fought recklessly, literally throwing their lives away in the battle. The Makolos held their post steadily now, directed by the cool judgment of Mr. Cameron. Ike called to mind the ammunition and weapons stored in Captain Black's cave, and the idea of a retreat to that spot was uppermost in his mind. He passed through the line, heedless of the flying arrows and reached Mr. Cameron's side.

White and determined, the white chief of the Makolos welcomed him joyfully. Fortunately there was a lull in the fighting just now, and Ike took advantage of it to detail to Mr. Cameron all the adventures which had befallen him in the past twelve hours. The island exile listened with great wonderment.

"And I have been all these years on this island and never discovered that cave yet!" he exclaimed with amazement. "That beats me."

A series of wild yells and a flight of arrows at this juncture announced that the Bokaris were returning to a fresh attack. Mr. Cameron's voice went down the line like a trumpet call.

"Hold fast, every man!" he cried, in the Makolo tongue. "All depends now. Drive them back once more and victory is ours."

But Danton and the cannibal king had evidently decided to make this attack a decisive one, for the Bokaris came on like a shrieking pack of demons. It seemed impossible to hold the Makolo line from before such an attack. They wavered, and seemed likely to break. Only the quick nerve and ready wit of Ike Barton saved the day. At the risk of his life he rushed in front of the wavering line, and with loud cries and daring example compelled them to re-form. Matafayo, the Makolo chief, came to Ike's aid, and the natives, thus reassured, made a mighty effort and turned the tide of battle. The Bokaris were held back. Bloodstained, and reeking with perspiration, Ike rejoined Mr. Cameron.

"My God!" he exclaimed, with pallid face. "Another such attack I fear would sweep our men away."

"It is a pity," exclaimed the island exile. "The Makolos are not well instructed in the art of war. If we had fifty good men, veterans, as it were, we could whip these dogs with ease."

The Bokaris were again coming to a charge, which it seemed certain would sweep the Makolo line. It was a fearful critical moment, and every man's heart was in his mouth. This meeting must decide the battle.

The Bokaris came down like an avalanche. They swarmed over the breastworks and battered their way into the houses, driving the Makolos like sheep before them. Slowly Mr. Cameron and his men fell back in orderly retreat to the hillside and here the Bokaris, satisfied with their victory, came to a halt. Night settled down calm and peaceful. Ike set up a set of breastworks and quarters were found in the pirates' cave for the women. Ike brought all the ancient carbines belonging to the pirates and had them all cleaned up. The Bokaris were still receiving reinforcements in the shape of canoe loads of savages. The Makolo warriors were instructed in the use of the carbines and a sort of target practice was indulged in. Plenty of munition had been found in the cave for the carbines. All the while the Bokaris were holding high carnival in the village. One morning Hyjah reported that the Bokaris were advancing. Ike saw that the savages had fired the village before leaving.

Sam Small believed his last hour had come when he felt the sting of the poisoned dart. He sucked the wound. A sort of stupor came over him. The canoe kept on an even course. Night came on, and at about midnight he saw a strange light. He fancied it was the binnacle light of a ship. He gained strength and worked the canoe toward the light. But as he kept on he saw it was not a ship's light but the glow of a conflagration. He wondered if it was a ship or on land. After a while the light seemed to die down. Still he kept on. Daylight was coming on and also a fog. Then the fog lifted and Sam saw a cliff bound island ahead of him. Sam was exultant. Then soon he perceived it was the island of the Makolos. The canoe soon reached the island and Sam sprang out on the beach. He made his way toward the site of the village and saw with a sad heart the ruin on every hand. A number of dead bodies lay all around and Sam sought for those of his friends. He felt that every resident of the isle had been massacred. But a smoke cloud hid from him the form of a man walking through the ruins. A sudden turn and they came face to face. Imagine Sam's sensations when he recognized in the other no less than Bad Danton.

"Sam Small," gasped Danton, "and alive. Everybody thought you were dead."

"Everybody has been mistaken, then," said Sam. "A kind fate has spared me for revenge on you. Prepare yourself for a fight."

Then Danton sprang for him, but Sam by a dexterous move of his foot tripped him and he fell, striking his head on a stone and placing him hors de combat. Before he recovered his senses Sam had him securely bound with strips of cloth torn from the villain's jacket. When he came to he glared savagely at his captor. But suddenly a couple of Bokari war-

riors appeared through the line of smoke, and Danton on perceiving them, gave a loud yell.

CHAPTER XII.—Over the Edge.

Sam's heart sank like lead when he saw the Bokari warriors suddenly turn, attracted by Danton's outcry. Instant action was what the exigency called for and Sam did not fail to adopt this. He sprang upon Danton and placed a hand over his mouth. In an instant he had improvised a gag, and inserted it into the villain's mouth. This put an end to any further outbreak. But the mischief had already been done. The Bokari warriors having heard the cry were not satisfied to let it go uninvestigated. They approached the spot swiftly. By keeping a crouching position Sam was out of sight. He at once adopted a clever ruse. Seizing Danton by the shoulders, he dragged the villain until the smoke cloud was again between him and the Bokaris. Then he gave the recumbent villain a sharp kick and cried:

"Get upon your feet. Make an effort to escape or disobey, and I will kill you."

Sam held his knife over the pirate captain. He dared not disobey. In this manner Sam made his prisoner rapidly cross the burned district until they came to the edge of the forest. Once under its arches Sam felt safe. Nothing more was seen of the Bokaris. In the meanwhile a plan of action had suggested itself to the boy maroon. To attempt to march Danton safely into the Makolo camp he feared would not be a possibility. He bethought himself of the cavern in the cliff where he and Ike had sought refuge on first coming to the island. He at once started for the cavern, marching his foe before him. Danton was quite docile now, but Sam saw this was only a feint. His cunning brain was busily at work. It required some time and climbing to reach the cliff. Arrived there the questions presented itself as to how he was to get his prisoner into the place. Sam could hear the distant discharge of guns, and a queer fact presented itself. He listened intently.

"Strange," he muttered. "There certainly was the discharge of half a dozen pieces. Who can be firing? Only Ike and Cameron have firearms."

He was thrilled with astonishment, and somewhat puzzled for a time. What if some ship's crew were indeed upon the island and helping the Makolos? He was resolved to join his friends as quickly as possible. He was not long in hitting upon an idea as to how he was going to get his prisoner into the cave. Seizing Danton's feet with the aid of his own jacket he left his prisoner helpless upon the cliff, and descended to the cave. When he returned he had with him all the rope in the place. He fastened a long piece of this under Danton's arms. He took a turn with the rope now tied under Danton's arms, around a large boulder. Then he lowered his lightly bound captive until he was on a level with the mouth of the cliff cave. Then Sam descended the rope ladder, and it was an easy matter to swing his prisoner in upon the cavern floor. This feat accomplished Sam went of the

rope, and winding it up prepared to return to the top of the cliff. This would leave Danton in the cave securely bound, and even were he free, without means of ascent or descent over the smooth walls of the cliff. But at this juncture Fortune's wheel made an unlucky turn for the boy maroon. While winding up the rope he stood with his back to the prostrate villain. Like a flash Danton, who had in some inexplicable manner freed his bonds, sprang up and with a hoarse yell precipitated his weight against Sam. Like a stone from a catapult Sam Small shot out of the cavern mouth and went down through hundreds of feet of air to a seemingly horrible death.

CHAPTER XIII.—Walled In.

Led on by their chief, the Bokaris were coming up the gorge in overwhelming numbers. With the reinforcements which they had received they anticipated little trouble in sweeping the balance of the Makolo tribe from the face of the earth. Therefore the reception which they met with was a genuine surprise party. Cameron and Ike, at the right and left of the Makolo line, held their men well in hand until the foe were quite near, and then ordered them to fire. Some of the bullets of course went high, but the volley on the whole was destructive, sweeping the Bokaris down like wheat before the reaper. The effect was tremendous. The cannibals probably inferring from the number of guns that there were more than two white men in the party, became panic-stricken. Once more the Mokolos poured a volley into their ranks, and with terror they broke ranks and incontinently fled. Down the gorge they went in wild confusion.

They were brave fighters, however, and after a while it was decided to make a second attack, and this time not to waver until the line was over the enemies' breastwork. The cannibals once more returned to the attack, filling the gorge like a pestilential swarm of flies. On they went until scarce fifty yards was between them and the enemy's position. Nothing could be seen as yet of the Makolos. Suddenly there rose into view fully two hundred of the Makalos with fire-sticks so-called at their shoulders. Once more the Makolos poured a tremendous volley into their ranks. It caused a frightful loss of life, and the Bokaris began to waver. They fired volley after volley of arrows, which had no effect upon the Makolos, concealed as they were behind the stone breastworks. As fast as the carbines were fired, Mr. Cameron had another line of men in the rear loading, so that a continuous fire was kept up.

As one line of men stepped down, another stepped up ready to fire. There could have been but one ending to the affair, had the Bokaris persisted in the attack, which was their utter annihilation. But they had sufficient good sense to break ranks and retreat after the third volley. Fully one-fifth of their number lay dead in the gorge. It was a signal victory for the Makolos, and they rent the air with their loud cries. The Bokari, disheartened, retired to the plain below. They did not return to the attack. The Makolos now had a breathing spell and they improved the opportunity. A great change

had taken place in Ike's ideas. This was occasioned by a very peculiar discovery. In the excitement of the attack it had been unnoticed by any but himself. He now called Mr. Cameron and led him into the cave. When they had penetrated it some distance Ike halted and said:

"Now listen, Mr. Cameron, and tell me if you hear anything strange."

Wonderingly the island exile complied. At first he heard nothing, but very soon there came to his ears a strange, rumbling sound like distant muffled thunder. Then there came a slight perceptible tremor of the earth. He turned deadly pale.

"You hear it?" asked Ike.

"Yes."

"Well, my theory is just this. We know that this island is of volcanic origin. What more natural than that it should at some time be destroyed as swiftly and suddenly as it was made. I think we will have to give up the idea of our prospective empire. This is not the part of the world for progressive men to stake their fortunes."

"I agree with you there," declared Cameron readily. "In fact, I think the best plan is to relinquish our golden dreams and make the first opportunity to get back to the land of the free."

"I am with you!" cried Ike.

But the words had scarcely left his lips when a terrible thing happened. A mighty rumble like heaven's artillery broke the air, and the earth began to heave and toss like the sea. Both were prostrated and the air suddenly became black as night. When after some time, Ike was enabled to regain his feet and light a match, a most horrible discovery was awarded him. The cavern mouth had become blocked. Upon all sides was naught but impassable rock. They were virtually walled in.

CHAPTER XIV.—In the Villain's Power.

Sam Small had no chance to save himself, so quick was Danton's onslaught, so he went over the edge like a cannonball. Danton had with the most strenuous of effort succeeded in wrenching one wrist free. It was then an easy matter for him with Sam's back turned to free himself. It was a most remarkable turning of tables. But Sam had not gone to his death. He was saved in a miraculous manner. The truth was the tide which ran high on the sandy beach was in, and there was fully twenty feet of water in the chasm below. At other times this chasm was dry. Down into the water Sam went like a rocket. He happened to strike it right, feet first, and went to the bottom, but quickly came to the surface. He was unhurt. His first impulse was to swim to a rock near and crawling out of the water looked up. He saw Danton scaling the rope ladder and making good his escape. It galled Sam to witness this.

"All right," he gritted. "We'll see. My time will come."

With this he started to scale the cliff. Danton had reached the top of the cliff, and without an instant's delay set out for the scene of the battle. The villain was triumphant in the belief that he had visited summary vengeance upon one of his

foes the boy maroons. Rejoicing in this conviction he went on his way rapidly. He heard the sounds of battle as he ran and also the crack of musketry which puzzled him. He went on with all speed, and at length came upon the scene of the conflict. He was in time to see his allies driven back by the Makolos who with their superior weapons could easily hold the mastery. He succeeded in rallying a few of them, however, and these had begun a charge upon the enemies' position when the earthquake came. The cannibals were effectually routed and fled shrieking with terror to the valleys below, anywhere, everywhere, scarcely knowing whither, while the dread forces of nature were at work. We have seen the fate of Mr. Cameron and Ike Barton in the cave. Mida had been in the outer cavern when the shock came. Heavy masses of rock had fallen near her and the common impulse had seized her to flee. She had ran and stumbled on at random until the subsiding of the earthquake had found her in a strange locality. She was weak and exhausted, and sank down unable to go farther. After a while, however, she recovered her strength and powers of recollection. Then a deep cry of despair welled up from her throat.

"Oh, Heaven!" she cried, in agonized accents, "I fear my father and Ike are killed. They were in the cave, and it must have fallen in upon them."

With a wonderful calmness she located the position of the cave as well as she could, and started for it. She had crossed the glade, and was about to enter a thicket of palms when a terrified cry escaped her, and she recoiled. From the thicket a man had sprung forth. He was dark and evil-looking, and Mida recognized him at once as her foe—her most dreaded enemy. It was Bud Danton. But Danton folded his arms, and gazed at her. Then with a wild laugh he threw aside the vari-colored sash which enveloped his shoulders, and with a quick bound threw his arm about Mida's slender waist.

"You are mine, for all time!" he cried, with desperate ardor.

CHAPTER XV.—A Lucky Escape.

A more fearful situation could hardly be conceived than that in which Ike Barton and Mr. Cameron found themselves. It seemed an age before the force of the earthquake subsided. At length, however, the dreadful tossing and trembling of the ground abated, and they were enabled to take a calmer survey of their situation. Hemmed in on all sides as it seemed by massive walls of rock, there was no likelihood that anybody would endeavor to reach them from the outside, for they would hardly guess their position. Ike could not speak for some moments. The bare realization seemed to appall him.

"We are doomed to die in this horrible place," he gasped finally.

"What will become of Mida?" groaned Mr. Cameron. "I don't care for myself, but my darling child."

"You can only commend her to the care of an ever-watchful Providence," said Ike. "We cannot help her now."

Mr. Cameron groaned aloud. But Ike advanced and took one of his hands.

"Don't forget," he said impressively, "that we are men, and should meet death with fortitude. It is the common lot of mankind."

"I care not for myself," asserted the island exile, "but for my child. Alas! how have all our golden dreams miscarried!"

"Yes, dispelled in an hour," agreed Ike. "If we were even now out of this I should give up the plan of founding a city on this isle. It would not endure. Those earthquakes are probably of great frequency."

"You are right," agreed Mr. Cameron. "Oh, for a look at dear old America once more."

"Ay!" cried Ike, with a full heart. "To be once more in my happy boyhood home. I would never leave it."

Thus the two imprisoned adventurers bemoaned their fate. But it is said truly that hope dies last of all, and it was not long before Ike began to again search the cavern. This time he was cooler, and went to work more systematically. The result was that he chanced to discover in the blackness overhead a little ray of light. In an instant Mr. Cameron was alive with new hope and courage. By reaching upward they found that they could not touch the cavern roof. But Ike presently found that he could climb upward by means of jagged, projecting rocks. With Mr. Cameron's assistance he climbed upwards and soon had got near enough to the aperture to see that it was large enough to admit his hand. He looked up into daylight and saw stars in the blue sky. He placed a hand against the ledge of rock above and pushed on it.

To his amazement it moved and he saw that the aperture was enlarged. A cry of joy escaped his lips. Again he pushed on it and again it moved. It was now a foot in breadth and with redoubled exertions Ike had soon increased the aperture to three feet. It was now large enough for him to climb up through, which he soon did, and stood in the open air—free from the imprisonment which had seemed, a short while before, certain death. Mr. Cameron followed him quickly, and they clasped hands as they stood once more under the glorious light of mid-day. Not a sign of the natives anywhere could be seen. Indeed, not another living being was in sight. They descended to the mouth of the cavern, which was now hermetically sealed with ledges of rock. Not a trace of the Makolos could be found. It was evident that they had incontinently fled their superstitious terror of the earthquake impelling them. Of course Mida was not found and Mr. Cameron was in doubt as to her fate. Search as they would, not a trace of the missing young girl could be found. Mr. Cameron was nigh frantic with despair when they came suddenly out upon a cliff which looked seaward. Both stood gazing at the lovely spectacle, when suddenly a wild, startled cry broke from the lips of both.

"A ship!" gasped Mr. Cameron. "As I live, Ike Barton, it is an American brig."

"A ship! A ship! We are saved," Ike cried excitedly. "Saved! Thank God! We are saved!"

Down to the sandy beach below the two exiles ran madly. They saw that they were observed by those on board the vessels and saw the mighty splash and heard the ringing of the chain as the mighty anchor went thundering and boiling down

into the water of the bay. Then a hail came out:

"Ahoy! the island! Who are you?"

"We are castaways from the wrecked ship Pelican. I will tell you all if you will take us off."

"Stand by, and we will send a boat."

In a few moments a cutter was clipping the wave crests of the bay, and Ike and Mr. Cameron entering it were rowed back to the ship. The name upon her hull was "Mary Robinson! Portland, Maine." She was a brig of the first-class.

CHAPTER XVI.—The End.

Sam Small climbed the cliff as rapidly as possible, but not in time to get a sight of Danton again. The villain had given him the slip, and was ere this well into the interior of the isle. Nevertheless Sam endeavored to track him, and was engaged in this pursuit when the earthquake came. Fortunately he was not seriously injured. After the affair was past, he had hardly time to collect his scattered senses when a thrilling incident occurred. Suddenly from the copse about men wild with terror burst and ran past him like maniacs. In their terror they passed Sam so closely that he might have touched them. Sam knew that the panic would terminate with the earthquake when his position would be one fraught with danger. To again fall into the power of the Bokaris would mean certain death. Therefore he resolved to change his position. He started to skirt the valley in the hope of falling in with the Makolos. But he had not covered a half mile when suddenly emerging into a small glade he came face to face with three Bokari warriors. They instantly recognized him, and as they had now recovered from their panic, they did not hesitate to attack him.

It was plain to Sam that they meant to take his life. His face paled. It was large odds—three against one—but he never lost courage. He felt for his pistol and with the only cartridge left in it shot one of the brutes dead. The other two, brandishing their javelins, descended upon him. One of the keen javelins grazed Sam's shoulder. The other he grasped before the Bokari warrior could throw it. Then he grappled with his foes. Our boy hero was an adept wrestler. The moment that the shiny black bodies of the cannibal warriors closed upon him he seized one by a queer sort of back lock and flung him upon his head with such force that he was momentarily stunned. This gave him time to cope with the other. It was a quick sharp tussle. The Bokari seemed confident of winning, but while he had superior strength he had not the skill.

Sam wrestled with him easily a moment, then seizing him by the shoulders, and clutching him by the thighs swung him to the left and underneath. Then he grasped the javelin, which lay near, and drove it into the foe's breast. It was a death strike. Meanwhile the third Bokari had regained his feet, but incontinently fled. He did not care to dispute the pass with so valorous an antagonist. Sam was left the conqueror, and he had conquered with hardly loss of breath. He stood for a moment undecided what move next to make, when he heard footsteps.

Instantly he sank out of sight in some bushes and waited for the unknown to appear, which he did in a moment, passing so near that Sam could almost have touched him. And the boy maroon was electrified as he recognized the newcomer. It was Bud Danton.

Danton was creeping stealthily along, evidently upon the watch for somebody. Sam held his breath as he now saw the cause for this move upon the villain's part. Into the glade a slender form had glided. It was Mida Cameron. And there, secreted in the copse, Sam had watched the meeting between the two, and did not act until he saw Danton throw his arms about Mida. Then all the chivalry of his nature was aroused. Like a young lion he sprang upon the villain. Danton was completely taken aback at the sudden attack in his rear, and as he turned to face Sam Small, for a moment he was appalled with cowardly fear.

Danton aimed a blow at Sam, but the youth had the javelin poised, and thrust it into the villain's shoulder. With a cry of pain Danton dropped his arm, and before he could make resistance again Sam had thrown him violently, and was binding his arms and ankles with a species of vine growing near. In a moment he was helpless and a prisoner. Then Mida came up to Sam and took his arm. Tears streamed from her eyes as she thanked her brave rescuer. It did not take Sam long to decide upon a plan of action. He concluded that, as the isle was over-run with the cannibals, it would be safer to seek refuge in the cliff-house. So, leaving Danton until some future convenient time to remove him from the spot, Sam took Mida's arm and set out for the cliff-house.

It was not long before they reached the sandy shore, but they had just turned an angle in the cliff when a wild cry of joy arose upon the air. The next moment Mr. Cameron had his beloved Mida in his arms, and Ike was embracing Sam with a transport of joy. They had just come ashore from the Mary Robinson, and the meeting was opportune. Pen cannot describe it. Right then and there mutual experiences were exchanged, explanations made, and then all went aboard the Mary Robinson. It was a happy ending of a long series of thrilling and terrible experiences.

* * * * *

A delegation from the ship's crew accompanied Sam to take Danton off the isle. But they might have spared themselves the trouble. A horrible fate had befallen the villain. In Sam's absence a wild tiger had happened along, and the wretch was torn limb from limb. It was an awful expiation of a life of crime. Of course, the idea of civilizing the Makolos and colonizing the island was abandoned, and preparations were made for leaving it. But the captain of the Mary Robinson kindly sent armed men ashore, and drove the Bokaris from the isle with great slaughter, reinstating the Makolos. Captain Black's treasure was brought off and divided, making a snug little fortune for all. The voyage of months back to New York was propitious, and brings to a happy ending out story of the Boy Maroons.

Next week's issue will contain "FRED FLAME, THE HERO OF GREYSTONE NO. 1."

PLUCK AND LUCK

CURRENT NEWS

21

10,000 PIECES ON QUILT

Quilts generally are thought to belong to the days of many years ago, but seldom has a person done such work as exhibited recently by Mrs. James B. Brown of Salem, Ind. She completed a quilt that is seventy-two by ninety inches and that contains more than 10,000 tiny blocks, each block hexagonal in shape. It is intricate in design and the work is without a flaw.

Mrs. Brown began her work many months ago. The pattern for the quilt is known as "Job's Troubles."

SPANISH GOLD IN CRUISER

The old cruiser Yorktown, one of the vessels of the United States navy that saw service in the Spanish war, has yielded a small fortune in Spanish gold coins to the crew that is wrecking it at the Crowley Shipyards, Oakland, Cal., it was learned recently.

Spanish gold pieces, estimated to be worth \$4,000 to \$5,000 in all, have been found by the wreckers in drain pipes, in bilge tanks and in

other inaccessible sections of the vessel. It is believed the gold pieces belonged to members of the Yorktown's crew during the Spanish war and had been hidden.

MAILBAG DROPS AMONG HONEST FOLK

A large sealed sack of United States mail that had dropped from a heavily-loaded mail wagon in Park Row, near the Municipal Building, shortly after noon the other day, remained in the street for nearly an hour under the eyes of thousands of pedestrians. Most of the passers-by hurried on without giving the bag a second look. Several patrolmen looked at the bag, but were not moved to salvage it. Once in a while a passer-by stopped and poked the sack with his foot, but nobody tried to steal it. Two postmen passing in a wagon saw the sack, inspected the seal and then drove off, leaving the sack where it lay.

Finally a janitor in the Municipal Building telephoned the Post-office and half an hour later a special wagon came and picked the pouch up. The value of contents of the sack could not be ascertained.



LOOK! LOOK!



A CASH PRIZE LIMERICK CONTEST

NOW RUNNING IN

MOVING PICTURE STORIES

GET A COPY AND READ THE CONDITIONS

THIS snappy little fan magazine is giving away prizes in the form of money and autographed portraits of film stars to writers of the best limericks. Do not miss this chance to get some easy money. Everybody is eligible. Tell all your friends about it. Get in while the getting is good. It won't last forever. You can read the conditions in "Moving Picture Stories" No. 523, out January 5, 1923, and all issues after that one. If you cannot get a copy from your newsdealer send us the price, 7 cents, in money or postage stamps and we will mail a copy to you, postage free. Address

HARRY E. WOLFF, Publisher, Inc., 166 West 23d Street, New York

SEND us the names and addresses of five of your friends whom you think will read our publications: "Moving Picture Stories," "Wild West Weekly," "Secret Service," "Pluck and Luck," "Liberty Boys," "Work and Win," "Fame and Fortune" and "Happy Days."

We will send you for your trouble, without charge, one of the snappiest, cleverest detective-story magazines you ever read.

HARRY E. WOLFF, PUBLISHER, Inc., 166 W. 23d St., New York City

The Vanishing Of Val Vane

— Or, —

THE TROUBLES OF A BOY MILLIONAIRE

By WILLIAM WADE

(A SERIAL STORY)

CHAPTER X.

Millions Or Death.

Jack ventured to take a hasty glance at his surroundings.

There seemed to be a good many men at work around the tipples and the breaker. Everywhere soldiers were patrolling up and down with rifles over their shoulders.

"Go on in," ordered Captain Tobey, sourly. "Don't be staring about here."

His tone was most insolent.

Giving him a withering glance, Jack entered the office.

"What am I going up against?" he asked himself.

Wisely he resolved to say as little as possible but to listen and observe all he could.

Inside the office things were better kept.

A young man stepped forward, and eying Jack searchingly, inquired his business.

"I have been sent for by Mr. Dubey," replied the boy.

"Oh, yes. You are Mr. Vane."

Jack was silent.

The young man entered an inner office and was absent less than a minute.

"Please be seated," he said, returning. "Mr. Dubey is engaged now. He will see you presently."

Jack took a chair and waited half an hour before Ralph Dubey put in an appearance.

He walked briskly out from behind the railing with a smile on his grim face.

"Val, my dear boy, howdy-do!" he exclaimed with much heartiness, at the same time extending his hand, which Jack was shrewd enough not to reject.

"You sent for me, Mr. Dubey," he said simply. "I am here."

"You young rascal, what do you mean by calling me mister?" demanded the superintendent in a loud voice. "Am I not your cousin? A few times removed, to be sure, but still your cousin. Yes, I sent for you. I was too busy to show you much attention yesterday, but to-day it is different. My car is at the door. Let's take a ride around. I want to show you everything there is to be seen and to explain our situation here as well as I can to a stranger."

Jack simply nodded and followed him out the door, where a fairly good auto of rather an old pattern stood in waiting with a young colored man in charge.

"We shan't want you," said Dubey, and taking the wheel himself, and with Jack beside him, he ran the car out of the mine yard, taking a road which led directly up the valley.

Not until they had passed the last camp of the soldiers did he utter a word, then, turning on Jack, he asked:

"Boy, what is your true name?"

"My name is Jack Torrance," was the reply.

"And not Ellison?"

"No."

"Jack, do you want to be a millionaire?"

"Naturally."

"Then I propose to show you your chance. Last night there were two of you boys at the homestead. Now there is only one. It is up to you whether that one shall be known hereafter as Jack Torrance or as Val Vane."

"Is—what has happened to Val?"

"Is he dead, you were going to ask. Listen. I know nothing of the young man other than that it has been reported to me that he mysteriously vanished during the night. What is more, I don't wish to know anything about him and shall make no effort to learn anything. The question now is about yourself. I have hinted at the possibilities that are open to you. Shall I go further, or—"

He paused and fixed his eyes full upon Jack.

"Or what?" the boy demanded.

"Or take your chances of being able to get the best of me," was the reply. "Take time before you answer. Meanwhile I am going to make a few remarks. As Val Vane you will be accepted here as master of this mine and owner of all the land hereabouts. As Val Vane you will be accepted in the highest society in Washington and Baltimore. As Val Vane you will be left in undisturbed possession of all the property left by the late Daniel Dubey except the stock of the Cross Creek Coal Co., and this land, both of which you will shortly be required to turn over to me. Have you any idea how much of a fortune that means to you?"

"No accurate idea."

"About ten millions."

"Suppose I consent to this deal; how can I fool Val's lawyers?"

"That can be easily arranged. I shall see that it is attended to. If you go into partnership with me and do as you are told I can put you in the way of doubling your fortune in a year's time. You see, Jack, I am speaking freely, for we are alone. Now then, you have had time to think. What do you say?"

At first the bold rascality of the proposition almost took Jack's breath away in spite of the fact that he had been prepared for something of the sort.

He thought fast. It seemed to him that to pretend to fall in with this scoundrel was the only way he could hope to learn the truth about Val or to help him if he still lived; at the same time the bare idea of such a move on his part was so repugnant to the boy that he could scarcely contain himself.

"Where shall I have to live if I do this?" he asked.

(To be continued.)

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST

NEGRO DIES AT AGE OF 125 YEARS

Eveline Bolton, a negro woman of Oglethorpe County, Georgia, is dead at the age of 125 years, 9 months and 1 days, which constitutes a record in longevity for the State of Georgia. Eveline died on Christmas eve. The delay in telling the story of her long life is due to the fact that the date of her birth and other facts have been carefully investigated by Justice H. H. Glyn, registrar of births and deaths for the militia district in which she died. He found that her third child is still living, at the age of 98. Eveline was the mother of 16 children, had 48 grandchildren and 191 great-grandchildren.

NEW GUN CAN SHOOT 56 MILES

The Charente Steel Works in France are reported to have cast a huge gun firing a shell weighing 240 kilograms (about 628 pounds) a distance of ninety kilometers (about fifty-six miles). The barrel of the gun alone weighs 90,000 kilograms and is mounted on a specially constructed truck weighing 230 metric tons. The length of the barrel is twenty-one meters.

The gun is intended for coast defense and will be transported to a French naval station.

FINDS \$50 BILL IN HAT

Lewis Schuster of Monroe, Orange county, N. Y., announced the other day that he just had found a \$50 bill that for four years he didn't know was in a soldier's hat he picked up during the war.

In 1918 a soldier's hat blew off a train passing through Monroe on the Erie Railroad. Schuster took it home and laid it aside in case it were ever called for. He put on the hat the other day and while examining the inside band found the bill tucked in it and also a photograph of a girl. He will preserve the currency, he said, and if he ever learns the identity of the owner will see that he or his relatives get it.

GREENLAND IS MOVING WEST 20 YARDS A YEAR

The earth is wobbling on its axis, according to Col. P. Jensen, the Danish scientist, who returned recently from a degree measuring expedition into Greenland. He reports that Greenland is moving westward at the rate of twenty yards a year. This seems to confirm the recent reports of surprising climatic changes at the North Pole.

It is now established that there is a periodic shifting of the latitude of the North Pole. The movement is difficult to detect because of the small area of the Pole—about the size of a tennis court. Some authorities say that the poles are gradually changing their positions, and that this alteration to the world's axis will in time mean that regions which are at present icebound will become warm and habitable countries.

THE SHENANDOAH CAVERNS

The exhibition of caverns to the traveling public is noted by the United States Geological Survey as a growing industry in the Shenandoah

Valley of Virginia. The famous Valley Pike, now a link in the New York to Atlanta highway, is traversed yearly by thousands of automobile tourists properly intent upon seeing America first, and no one has adequately seen America who has not visited one or more of the caverns in the Shenandoah Valley. Until recently the only caverns that were accessible to the public were the celebrated Luray Caverns in Page County, and Weyers Caves in northern Augusta County, near Grottoes. However, within 12 months the Endless Caverns, near New Market, in Shenandoah County, have been thrown open to the public, and on May 31 another cavern near Mount Jackson, also in Shenandoah County, made its first bid for public favor. The latest-opened caves have been named Shenandoah Caverns. They are about three miles south of Mount Jackson and two miles west of the Valley Pike, with which they are connected by a macadamized road. They are close to Shenandoah Caverns station, on the Harrisonburg branch of the Southern Railway, and are readily accessible both to the automobilists and to the railway tourist.

"Mystery Magazine"

SEMI-MONTHLY

10 CENTS A COPY

— LATEST ISSUES —

- 115 A MAN FROM HEADQUARTERS, by Hamilton Craigie.
- 116 THE GIRL IN THE CASE, by Carl Glick.
- 117 A SCIENTIFIC DETECTIVE, by Donald George McDonald.
- 118 NUMBER NINE QUEER STREET, by Jack Bechdolt.
- 119 TRAILED BY A PRIVATE DETECTIVE, by Gordon Jacobs.
- 120 THE MOUSE TRAP, by Edith Sessions Pepper.
- 121 A RADIO MYSTERY, by Capt. Jack Stalle.
- 122 THE CLAWING DEATH, by Beulah Poynter.
- 123 A MASTER OF MILLIONS, by Clara E. Garsler.
- 124 THE SECRET OF ROOM 13, by Hamilton Craigie.
- 125 SIX MONTHS TO LIVE, by Gen. Francis Howard.
- 126 SEALS OF WAX, by Jack Bechdolt.

The Famous Detective Story Out Today In 127 Is

WHEN CROOKS CONSPIRE

By HAROLD F. PODHASKI

HARRY E. WOLFF, Publisher, Inc.

166 West 23d Street,

New York City

"Moving Picture Stories"

A Weekly Magazine Devoted to Photoplays and Players
PRICE SEVEN CENTS PER COPY

Each number contains four stories of the best films on the screens. It also has many scenes from the plays—interesting articles about prominent people in the films—things of a top and a truce in the studio and lessons in screen writing.

HARRY E. WOLFF, Publisher, Inc.,

166 West 23d St., New York

Red Eagle's Pledge

By W. D. STEVENS

"I have private information from a renegade half-breed that Sitting Bull's band is plotting for war."

Col. Ramsden, of Fort Kearney, was conversing with Coonskin Kit, the famous government scout, within the stockade of the fort.

The scout uttered the words above recorded.

"Is your information to be relied on, Kit?"

"It is."

"But, for more than a year, the Sioux, whom we usually count as hostile, have been quiet and friendly."

"That's so."

Coonskin Kit went on:

"I know, colonel, you don't want to openly criticize the Indian Department."

"No. But the news you have brought troubles me much. I fear for the safety of Clair and the whole Maynard family."

"Give me half a dozen picked scouts, and I'll undertake to go through the hostile lines and bring the Maynard family into the fort."

"Bravely said. Choose your own men. My little sister is very dear to me, Kit, but you know I cannot leave the fort at a time like this."

"Let me see. Your sister, Miss Clair, has been visiting at Maynard's ranch, up the Yellowstone, for a week."

"Yes, and to-morrow or next day she is to set out to return to the fort, accompanied only by Mr. Maynard, my old friend. You have reported Indian signs up the river. The reds are between the fort and Maynard's ranch. And now that I know they are bent on hostilities, I fear Clair and her escort may fall into an ambush on the way to the fort, if indeed Maynard's ranch has not already been attacked."

"That's so, but—Ha! Red Eagle, the Cheyenne!"

Coonskin Kit interrupted himself to pronounce the name of a noble-looking Indian, wearing the full eagle feather head-dress of a chief.

The Cheyenne at that moment strode into the stockade.

"How, great chief? How, big white scout—how?"

With this characteristic greeting, the Cheyenne came up and shook hands with the colonel and Coonskin Kit.

Red Eagle had recently served as a hunter for the fort.

But he had been off on a scout for three days. And he had just come in from the northwest—the country of the Sioux, the suspected hostiles.

"What news, chief?" asked the colonel, anxiously.

"Sioux on warpath."

"Where are they?"

"At big forks."

"Which way are they going?"

"Detached bands are raiding the upper ranches."

"And the main force?"

"With Sitting Bull at the forks."

"Not a moment must be lost. Kit, you must start to the rescue of Clair and her friends at once."

"Within the hour. Red Eagle, old pard, will you go with me?"

"Wah! Chief go. Maybe meet Cut Nose—Sitting Bull's big chief! Wah!" replied the Cheyenne.

There was an old feud between Red Eagle, the friendly, and Cut Nose, the hostile.

The latter had slain the Cheyenne's brother during the last Indian war, and it was generally known that Red Eagle had vowed vengeance upon the leading chief of Sitting Bull's band.

Half an hour later Coonskin Kit, with Red Eagle and four white scouts, was ready to start for the Maynard ranch.

"Bring my little sister safely into the fort and name your own reward, Red Eagle," said the colonel, who knew the daring and cunning Cheyenne was scarcely less to be relied on in this emergency than Coonskin Kit himself.

"Wah! Red Eagle will bring the white maiden to her brother safe, or Sioux take um scalp!" replied the Cheyenne, resolutely.

In a moment the little band of scouts, bent on a mission of peril, rode away from the fort.

All were well mounted and well armed.

Coonskin Kit and Red Eagle rode at the head of the party.

The route lay due northwest.

The sun had scarcely risen, and the grand valley of the Yellowstone presented a scene of beauty under the rays of the morning light.

The green meadows were studded with flowers of every hue, and it was a paradise for game.

Elk, antelope and buffalo abounded, and more than one troop of wild mustangs were sighted.

But no Indian signs were found until towards noon.

Then Red Eagle suddenly drew rein, and the others at once pulled up.

"Wah! Here trail!"

Red Eagle pointed at the dust.

All saw the well-defined trail of a considerable band of mounted rads.

"Sioux! And they are steering in the direction of Maynard's ranch," said Coonskin Kit.

Red Eagle assented. The hoof-prints were intermingled. But the wonderful red trailer in a moment stated:

"Twenty-five braves go this way."

He had deciphered the tangle of the hoof-prints in a way the keenest white scout could scarcely have done.

But now Kit and the Cheyenne led the party on at greater speed.

The trail grew more and more fresh.

Evidently the hostile band was proceeding rather leisurely.

"How long ago do you say the Sioux passed here?" presently inquired Coonskin Kit of the Indian scout.

"Not long—two hours maybe—not much more," replied Red Eagle.

"Then we may beat them to Maynard's ranch."

"Wah! Chief say leave Sioux trail now."

"What for?"

"Make detour—get ahead of Sioux."

"Good!"

Coonskin Kit led the way to the right.

Presently the band was skirting along a strip of timber. They pressed on for miles.

Still they encountered no hostiles. Just at the close of day they came in sight of Maynard's ranch. It was miles from the home of any other white settler.

The band of Coonskin Kit galloped up to the log ranch house at full speed. At the door stood Clair Ramsden, the colonel's daughter, a sweet girl of sixteen.

And at her side was Mr. Maynard, the ranchman, two cowboys and two women—the ranchman's wife and a domestic.

Coonskin Kit leaped from his horse, and saluting the party at the ranch door, to whom he was well known, he said:

"Prepare to set out for the fort at once. The Sioux are on the warpath and coming this way."

The announcement caused the faces of the women to pale. But the ranchman and the two cowboys only clutched their rifles and set their lips with determined expression.

They were brave men and accustomed to the dangers of frontier life.

No time was lost. In a brief space the entire party were mounted and riding away from the ranch.

There was a belt of timber about ten miles due south in the direct line of the route to the fort. As the party were approaching the timber, Red Eagle suddenly said:

"Sioux in woods! Quick to the left and ride for the rocky hills!"

The party instantly changed their course a moment later. Knowing their ambush must have been detected, the Sioux—some twenty-five warriors—mounted upon their fleet ponies, dashed out of the cover.

"Wah! Cut Nose!" cried Red Eagle, recognizing his foe.

The whites reached the rocky hills ahead of the Sioux.

Up a defile Red Eagle led the way.

"Follow, all, under the falls!" he cried, pausing at the edge of a sheet of water, that came plunging down from the high rocks above. The party dashed through the blinding torrent into a spacious secret cave under the falls.

"Wah! Red Eagle think Sioux not know this cave," said the chief then.

The party dismounted, and Red Eagle said:

"Chief steal out. Keep watch on rocks. Bring warning if Sioux come close."

Red Eagle at once left the cave.

Emerging from the torrent, he advanced a short distance.

Then he began to climb the lofty ledges, which towered all around.

He wished to gain a good post for a lookout.

At length he reached the top of a ledge.

Eagerly he glanced around.

Afar, at the foot of the hills, he saw the Sioux.

They had halted on the trail of the whites. And they were not so far distant but that the keen-eyed Cheyenne could count them.

"Twenty-four only—one Sioux gone! Ha! It

is Cut Nose who is not with him braves," said the chief, in a moment.

He looked troubled. And while he continued to watch the hostiles, he kept himself well concealed.

Ere long he glanced back into the defile, beside the falls, whence he had come.

Stoical as he was, the Cheyenne started, as he made a thrilling discovery.

In the defile, just stealing out on foot from under the falls, he saw Cut Nose, the hostile.

He comprehended what that meant.

Clearly, Cut Nose had stealthily followed the trail of the whites, crept far enough under the falls to discover them, and was now meaning to bring up his band.

Red Eagle knew the fate of the colonel's sister and all the party in the cave depended upon himself alone.

He raised his rifle. He was about to fire at the Sioux. But no. He lowered the weapon. The report would bring Cut Nose's band upon the scene.

At that instant Cut Nose began to climb the rocks.

Red Eagle's face suddenly showed the satisfaction he then felt.

Red Eagle put aside his rifle, and crouching behind a rock, drew his long-bladed hunting-knife.

His dark eyes flashed. He meant to meet Cut Nose on the dizzy heights, right at the edge of a yawning chasm, and there engage with him in a duel to the death, to make good his pledge to Col. Ramsden and revenge the murder of his brother.

Presently Cut Nose reached the top of the ledge.

Then he came toward the Cheyenne, along the side of the chasm.

Suddenly Red Eagle made a leap.

The next instant his knife would have reached Cut Nose's heart, but the latter wheeled and caught Red Eagle's descending arm.

He dropped his knife, but he clutched the throat of the Sioux. The latter dropped his rifle and drew his knife. Red Eagle struck it from his grasp.

Still he maintained his hold upon the throat of the Sioux and prevented his uttering an alarm yell.

A desperate combat on the edge ensued.

But suddenly, putting forth all his strength, Red Eagle hurled the Sioux backward down the chasm, to his death on the rock far below.

Panting, breathless, the Cheyenne crept to the edge of the terrible fall. He saw the mangled form of the dead Sioux at the bottom of the chasm. Then he descended to the defile by the waterfall. Working hastily, he obliterated the trail of the white party for some distance. Then he concealed himself on a ledge.

Some hours later the hostile band came up the defile. But they lost the white trail where Red Eagle had obliterated it. They did not know the secret of the cave under the falls. Finally, without finding it, they withdrew. The next day the little band of whites made their way in safety to the fort.

Red Eagle had kept his pledge and made good his oath of vengeance.

PLUCK AND LUCK

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 21, 1923

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS

Single Copies.....	Postage Free	7 Cents
One Copy Three Months.....	"	90 Cents
One Copy Six Months.....	"	\$1.75
One Copy One Year.....	"	3.50
Canada, \$4.00; Foreign, \$4.50.		

HOW TO SEND MONEY — At our risk send P. O. Money Order, Check or Registered Letter; remittances in any other way are at your risk. We accept Postage Stamps the same as cash. When sending silver wrap the coin in a separate piece of paper to avoid cutting the envelope. Write your name and address plainly. Address letters to

Harry E. Wolff, Pres.
Charles E. Nylander, Sec.
L. F. Wilsin, Treas.

HARRY E. WOLFF,
Publisher, Inc.,
166 W. 23d St., N. Y.

ITEMS OF INTEREST

DENTIST FINDS WAR BULLET

G. M. Evanston of Seatoria, Miss., Confederate veteran, is displaying a souvenir of the Battle of Gettysburg, for which he had been searching fully fifty years. He was wounded three times at Gettysburg, one minie ball striking him in the head. Surgeons were unable to find the shot. After more than half a century he began suffering with a tooth and had it removed, but was not relieved. Several days later the dentist found the minie ball protruding from the gum where the tooth had been.

FIVE YEARS ON FARM TO PAY \$4,000.

A novel sentence was that handed out to Thomas Mahon, twenty-three years old, charged with stealing \$4,000 from the Amherstburg branch of the Malson's Bank, Bridgeburg, Ont.

Mahon's father made good the defalcation, but the young man was held for trial. The presiding justice gave him thirty days in jail, and then decided when the thirty days were up that he must spend five years on his father's farm near Amherstburg, without leaving at any time, and work to pay back the money his father was forced to advance to save him.

FRUIT TREES ARE BUDDING

Delicious fruit trees and grape vines throughout San Bernardino County, Cal., are starting to bud three months ahead of nature's schedule. Since Dec. 18 there have been eighteen days on which the maximum temperature did not drop below 70 degrees and for four days the thermometer has hovered about the 90-degree mark, including one day of summer weather at 92 degrees. Growers and vineyardists are uneasy over the situation, fearing that one frosty night would kill next year's crop.

PASTOR WAS DOING TIME IN JAIL

The mysterious "disappearance" of Rev. Orin Bullen, forty-two years old, in charge of the parishes at Grand March, Brooks and New Chester,

Wis., who was reported missing from Milwaukee, has been solved, according to the police. He was found to be serving a ninety-day sentence at the House of Correction on a charge of vagrancy.

Parishioners from the three churches had been searching for Rev. Mr. Bullen for six weeks, fearing that their pastor had come to harm.

The Rev. Mr. Bullen was arrested under the name of Cyril Bullen, following complaints that he had been annoying small boys. His identity was disclosed, according to the police, when Capt. Harry McCrory of the Detective Bureau, ordered a special investigation into the man's case.

LAUGHS

Lady (at piano)—They say you love good music. Youth—Oh, that doesn't matter. Pray go on.

"I enjoy your wife's playing. She has such a delicate touch." "Yes, she gets that from practicing on me."

"John, ever since we've been married you've never seemed the same. What did I ever do to you?" "You married me."

"You ask my hand in marriage. Aren't you rather ambitious?" "Yes, but I always did strive for big things." From that moment his case was hopeless.

"What are the most important islands on the globe?" asked the geography teacher. And without hesitation the boy from New York answered, "Ellis, Manhattan and Coney."

"Johnny," the teacher asked, "can you tell me anything about Christopher Columbus?" "He discovered America." "Yes. What else did he do?" "I s'pose he went home and lectured about it."

Little Willie—Oh, Uncle George, did you bring your horn? Uncle George—My horn, Why, I have no horn. Little Willie—Then I wonder what papa meant when he said you were off on a toot last week?

Little Tommy had spent his first day at school. "What did you learn?" he was asked on his return home. "Didn't learn nothin'." "Well, what did you do?" "Didn't do nothin'! A woman wanted to know how to spell 'cat,' and I told her."

"Waiter," said the traveler in an Erie railroad restaurant, "did you say I had twenty minutes to wait or that it was twenty minutes to eight?" "Nayther. Oi said ye had twinty minutes to ate, an' that's all ye did have. Yer train's just gone."

Mr. Tightfist—And so you are the noble fellow who rescued my wife from in front of the electric car at the risk of your life? Take this shilling, my heroic man, as an expression of our undying regard. Mr. Rags—All right, boss. You know better'n I do what the woman's worth!

INTERESTING NEWS ARTICLES

THE JUMPING STICK

A curious tale comes from Paris by way of the Academy of Science. This is a "jumping stick from Para." The animated bit of wood is a dead branch of a walnut tree, and from its antics it would seem to be a relative of the Mexican jumping bean. The branch is over three feet long and is one-half inch thick, and suddenly moved across the court of a public school at Nantes as if carried by the wind, although there was no breeze at the time. Then it came to a sudden halt and leaped several feet in the air. Again it moved along the ground, leaped into the air, and marched in another direction. When, finally, after an hour's vigorous and eccentric exercise, it came to rest it was 20 feet from its starting point. Observers carefully examined the branch but found no trace of exterior manipulation connected with its movements. A long paper on the incident is now being prepared and will be read before the Academy of Science.

DAINTY THIEVES

Householders in the towns and villages of lower Delaware are greatly puzzled and much alarmed over the frequent incursions of a band of burglars who have been operating extensively in this section for more than six months. Notwithstanding the fact that these robbers always use pink candles to light them in their operations, and almost invariably leave large trails of the grease about the houses pillaged, no trace of the men has been found that promises to lead to their capture. Another peculiarity of this aesthetic band is that they never take nor disturb silverware, even though it be of the finest sterling.

The Pink Candle Burglars take chickens, money and articles found about the home of the village folk, but they pass by jewelry, watches and silver ware, for some unknown reason and take other objects of questionable value.

Evidently the gang hunts in automobiles, for it carries away as many as fifty or 100 chickens at a time, and the most mystifying feature of the looting is that the burglars have never awakened a household nor an inmate of a dwelling they have robbed.

DISCOVERY OF THE TOMB OF HEROD'S COUSIN

It would appear that Herod's cousin was not very much of an object for archeological inquiry, but it seems so. The burial place of Antiochus has been found by explorers of the Museum of the University of Pennsylvania, at Beth Shan, in Palestine. In all probability Antiochus was one of the men charged by Herod with directing the slaughter of the children of Bethlehem. No discovery which has been made in the Near East in a long time compares with this. Levels of six centuries have been found so far as Beth Shan, and it is known there are more below. The site is said to have been occupied for a longer continuous period than any other place of human habitation. It was also the most fought-over spot in the world, since it commands the gateway between

Mesopotamia and Egypt and was necessary to the conquest of Palestine. Crusaders fortified the hill, and General Allenby took it from the Turks in the World War.

PLANTING TREES WITH GUNS

On the estate of the Duke of Atholl at Dunkeld, Scotland, there is shown to the visitor a rocky crag which, in many places, is quite leafy with the foliage of trees. This crag is called Craigybarns, and some years ago it was destitute of any vegetation. Owing to the steepness of the rock face it was quite impossible for any man to climb to the upper parts, yet it was wished to plant trees in the rock crevices. A proposal was made that the seeds of suitable trees should be shot onto the crag by means of two small muzzle-loading guns. The canisters were made of such a size that they would fit into the cannon. These were filled with the seeds of the trees and the covers then put in place. The canisters, with gunpowder, were loaded into the cannon and these were then trained on the crag. When the canisters hit the rock they burst into pieces and the seeds were scattered in all directions. Many of the seeds simply fell to the ground, but a considerable number found their way into the rock crevices. In course of time these seeds grew up into trees, so that now the one-time bare rock is clothed with abundant vegetation.

PRESERVING WILD ANIMAL SKINS

When it is desired to preserve the skins of wild animals which have been shot or trapped, these may be tanned either with the hair on or off, as desired. Hair can be removed from hides by soaking them in tepid water made alkaline by lye or lime. The following recipe for a tanning liquor is furnished by the Biological Survey of the United States Department of Agriculture: To each gallon of water add one quart of salt and one-half ounce of sulphuric acid. This mixture should not be kept in a metal container. The skins are tanned by this liquor in one day; heavy skins must remain in it longer. They may remain in it indefinitely without harm.

When removed from this liquor, the skins are washed several times in soapy water, wrung as dry as possible, and rubbed on the flesh side with a cake of hard soap. They are then folded in the middle, hung lengthwise over a line, hair side out, and left to dry. When both surfaces are barely dry, and the interior is still moist they are laid over a smooth, rounded board and scraped on the flesh side with the edge of a worn flat file, or a similar blunt edged tool. In this way an inner layer is removed and the skins become nearly white in color. They are then stretched, rubbed and twisted until quite dry. If parts of a skin are still hard and stiff, the soaping, drying, and stretching process is repeated until the entire skin is soft. Fresh butter or other animal fat, worked into skins while they are warm, and then worked out again in dry hardwood sawdust, or extracted by a hasty bath in gasoline, increases their softness.

GOOD READING

WORLD'S LARGEST RUG

What is said to be the largest rug in the world can be found in Cleveland. It measures 40 by 65 feet and was made by Czecho-Slovakian weavers.

PECULIAR FATAL ACCIDENT

A scrubwoman standing with bare feet on a wet floor touched the glass of an electric lamp bulb and was killed. Medical examination, says the *Electrical World*, proved that death was due to electrocution. It was found that there was a small streak of lime, extending from the brass of the lamp base along the glass for about two inches. This path was sufficiently conductive to pass enough current to kill a person, due to the high humidity in the room.

BLACKSMITH SHOP TAKES A BACK SEAT

Because automobiles don't wear horseshoes, the old Rangler blacksmith shop, Sunbury, Pa., which has stood for eighty years, made way to the modern march of progress when W. H. Auten, its owner, declaring there was no more need for the cross-roads blacksmith shop, started to tear it away. The little old forge, built of hand-made bricks, is tottering, but still good after eighty years of service, but like the coach-and-four-in-hand, has become obsolete.

TEACHER IS OFTEN LONELY

A lonesome school teacher is Miss Mary Goetz, who is employed to instruct whoever comes to the little red schoolhouse in the village of New Munster in Kenosha County, Wis.

County Superintendent Kerwin reported to the county board last week that often the teacher goes an entire week without a scholar. A parochial school in the village serves most of the children. The people, however, refuse to relinquish the tradition of a country school and by a vote have directed it to be continued.

Never more than five are at the school and usually there are only two, or even one in attendance.

"NOT WORTH A DIME TO ANY ONE"

Leland H. Garretson, who was the representative in New York of a Detroit engineering firm, decided to kill himself because, as he explained in a note, his life was "not worth a dime to anybody." He went into his furnished room at 314 West Fifty-fifth street, bored a hole in the side of his trunk and connected a gas tube with the hole. Then, as soon as he turned on the gas, he jumped into the trunk, closed the lid on his head and wrapped himself in blankets.

When the landlady smelled gas she called Patrolman Francis Quinn of the West Forty-seventh street station. When he broke into the room he was puzzled to find out what had happened, but he finally traced Garretson by following the gas tube to its end. He had been dead two or three hours.

BE WELL AND KEEP WELL The ROCHE Electric Hygienic Machine

Don't Be a Dead One at Fifty

SHOULD BE IN
EVERY HOME

It increases blood circulation, strengthens and soothes the nerves. Brings sleep to the sleepless.

30 DAYS TRIAL

The Vigorous Man or Woman is Leader of All

You cannot realize the benefits derived from this machine except you try it. One treatment will convince you of its extraordinary qualities. If you are a sufferer of paralysis, locomotor ataxia, vertigo, apoplexy, headaches, neuralgia, nervousness, general weakness, neuritis, rheumatism, lumbago or hardening arteries, be sure to investigate this machine. Takes the place of exercise. Gives your muscles firm elasticity; be neither fat nor thin.

NORMALIZE YOUR WEIGHT

Do you realize what this machine means to one wanting in vital strength, or suffering from a goitre, nervous debility, insomnia, prostate gland trouble or varicose veins?

Remember, this machine is not a vibrator, but a genuine health helping, life prolonging apparatus.

Invented and Patented by
Prof. J. B. Roche

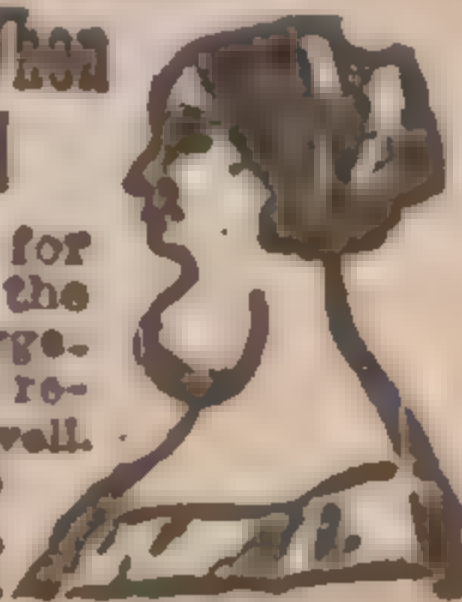
BOOK FREE

As electrical manufacturers we also build High Frequency Machines, including our new COMBINATION MACHINE, "High Ray" or in other words "VIOLET RAY." Be sure to write for FREE BOOK. It is for men and women who want to become healthy, vigorous, and efficient. Address:

ROCHE ELECTRIC MACHINE CO., Dept. RK-2
GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

GOITRE Pay When Well

I have an honest, proven remedy for goitre (big neck). It checks the growth at once, reduces the enlargement, stops pain and distress and relieves in a little while. Pay when well. Tell your friends about this. Write me at once. DR. ROCK, Dept. 96, box 737 Milwaukee, Wis.



30 day TRIAL **Fine STROP FREE**

We will send you a STERLING razor on 30 day trial. If satisfactory, costs \$1.67. If not, costs nothing. Fine Double Swing Horsehead Strop FREE. Sterling Company Dept. 806 Baltimore, Md.

YOU CAN CURE YOUR RUPTURE

Capt. Collings Will Send You Free His Plan by Which He Cured Himself.

Thousands of ruptured men and women will rejoice to know that Capt. Collings, who was helpless and bedridden for years with double rupture, will send free to all the full plan by which he cured himself at home.

Merely send your name and address to Capt. W. A. Collings, Inc., Box 429-H, Watertown, N. Y. It won't cost you a cent and may be worth a fortune. Hundreds have already cured themselves by just this free information.

BOYS, YOU CAN MAKE BIG MONEY selling the BOYS' MAGAZINE each month. Write us today for 5 copies. **SEND NO MONEY.**

Address The Scott F. Redfield Co. Inc.
7239 Main St., Smethport, Pa.

NEW THIEVERY

D. C. Reynolds of Black Ash, Pa., has discovered how his milk was being stolen, disclosing something new here in thievery. On his farm are two cows, each producing a large quantity of excellent milk. Recently the production took a sudden drop and Reynolds was mystified as to the cause.

Deciding to keep watch and try to catch the thief, Reynolds slept in the barn several nights. No intruder appeared, but the amount of milk continued low, and Reynolds was disposed to conclude the cows were falling down on their job.

Mrs. Reynolds refused to accept that theory and took a hand in the detective work herself. She maintained her vigil in the daytime as well as at night. Quietly entering the inclosure where the cows are kept, she was startled the other day at the sight of a big blacksnake coiled underneath one of the animals, sucking milk, without any show of uneasiness on the cow's part. She was about to get her husband when a second snake applied its mouth to the udder of the other cow.

Reynolds killed both snakes. One was seven feet long, the other five.

Pimples

Your skin can be quickly cleared of Pimples, Blackheads, Acne Eruptions on the face or body, Barbers Itch, Eczema, Enlarged Pores, Oily or Shiny Skin. Write today for my FREE Booklet, "A CLEAR-TONE SKIN," telling how I cured myself after being afflicted for 15 years. \$1000 Cash says I can clear your skin of the above blemishes. E. S. GIVENS, 186 Chemical Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

Iowa Physician Makes Startling Offer To Catarrh Sufferers

Found Treatment Which Healed
His Own Catarrh and Now
Offers to Send It Free to
Sufferers Anywhere

Davenport, Iowa.—Dr. W. O. Coffee, Suite 1135 St. James Hotel Bldg., this city, one of the most widely known physicians and surgeons in the central west, announces that he has found a treatment which completely healed him of catarrh in the head and nose, deafness and head noises after many years of suffering. He then gave the treatment to a number of other sufferers and they state that they also were completely healed. The Doctor is so proud of his achievement and so confident that his treatment will bring other sufferers the same freedom it gave him, that he is offering to send a 10 days' supply absolutely free to any reader of this magazine who writes him. Dr. Coffee has specialized on eye, ear, nose and throat diseases for more than thirty-five years and is honored and respected by countless thousands. If you suffer from nose, head or throat catarrh, catarrhal deafness or head noises, send him your name and address today.—Adv.

TOBACCO

Habit Cured or No Pay

Any form, cigars, cigarettes, pipe, chewing or snuff Guaranteed Harmless. Complete treatment sent on trial. Costs \$1.00 if it cures. Nothing if it fails. SUPERBA CO. M-21, Baltimore, Md.

ALIEN OUTLAWS



A new illustrated book in 42 chapters. Tells the provocation that led up to the most daring gun fight on record, where they shoot the Judge Sheriff, States attorney, 3 Jurors, and 8 others in the Hillville Court Room. All crimes have a woman back of it, and BOYS. This one is worth reading. Large bound book in plain wrapper for TEN Cents.

ROYAL BOOK CO. Dept. 750, Norwalk, Conn.

FREE BOYS AIR RIFLE

This fine Rifle free for selling only 15 pgs Colored Post Cards at 10c a package. Write for Postcards today. Columbia Novelty Co., Dept. 132 East Boston, Mass.



158 Genuine Foreign Stamps—Mexico War Issues, Venezuela, Salvador and India Service, Guatemala, China, etc. Only finest approval sheets, 50 to 60%. Agents Wanted. Big 72-p. Lists Free. We Buy Stamps. Estab. 25 yrs. Hussman Stamp Co., Dept. 132 St. Louis, Mo.

25 A DAY
Selling Shirts

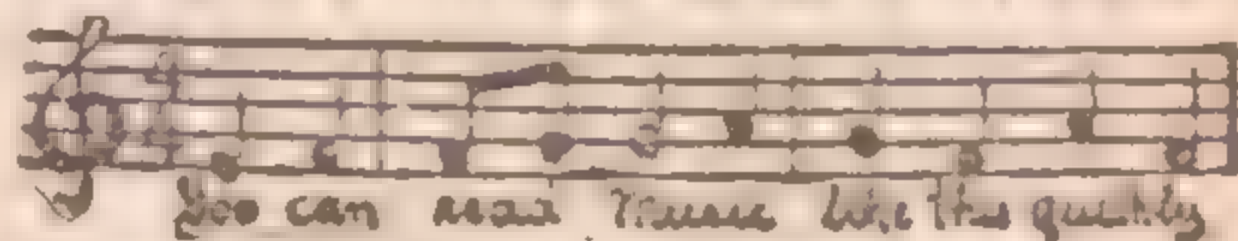
Large shirt manufacturer wants agents to sell complete line of shirts, pajamas, and night shirts direct to wearer. Advertised brand—exclusive patterns—easy to sell. No experience or capital required. Entirely new proposition. Write for free samples. Madison Shirt Co., 503 Broadway, N.Y.C.

Delivered to you Free
for 20 days trial on approval. Your choice of 44 Styles, colors and sizes of the famous Ranger Bicycles. Express prepaid. Low Factory-to-Rider Prices.
12 Months to Pay if desired. Many boys and girls easily save the small monthly payments.
Tires wheels, lamps, and equipment at half usual prices. Write for remarkable factory prices and marvelous offers.
Mead Cycle Company Write us today for free catalog
Dept. A18 Chicago

Fielder's Glove and High Grade Ball FREE

GENUINE ALL LEATHER
Reach or D. & M. High Grade Fielder's Glove and Professional Ball (full size) with leather cover. Guaranteed ALL FREE for selling all packages of 10 Perfumed Lotion. Write at 1c a package Easy to sell. Order today.
Bingo Co. Dept 802 Binghamton, N. Y.

MUSIC TAUGHT FREE



You can read music like this quickly
In Your Home. Write today for our booklet. It tells how to learn to play Piano, Organ, Violin, Mandolin, Guitar, Banjo, etc. Beginners or advanced pupils. American School of Music, 17 Lakeside Bldg., Chicago

GO INTO BUSINESS for Yourself
Establish and operate a "New System" Specialty Candy Factory in your community. We furnish everything. Money-making opportunity unlimited. Either men or women. Full time or part time. Write for it today. Don't put it off!
W. HILLIER RAGSDALE, Drawer 149 EAST ORANGE, N. J.

BIG FUN for 10 Cts.



12 MAGIC TRICKS; 10 WAYS TO MAKE MONEY; 1 Book Hypnotism and Palmistry 1 DREAM Book and FORTUNE Teller; 1 Book MIND Reading SECRETS; 1 Book HOW TO THROW Your VOICE; 1 Book Vaudeville STAGE Tricks; 1 Joke Book; 1 Book FIRE EATING; 1 BOOK CANDY MAKING; The Magic Age Table; Parlor TRICKS with CARDS How To MAKE INVISIBLE INK; and LOTS more. ALL the above sent by mail for 10 cts. (COIN) 3 complete outfits—25 cts

CLAXO TRICK CO. Dep-15 New Haven Ct.

VENTRILOQUISM

taught almost any one at home. Small cost. Send TODAY 2 cents for particulars and proof.

GEORGE W. SMITH,
Room M-627, 125 N. Jeff Ave., Peoria, Ill.

GOODYEAR RAINCOAT FREE

Goodyear Mfg. Co., 1812-RD Goodyear Bldg., Kansas City, Mo., is making an offer to send a handsome raincoat free to one person in each locality who will show and recommend it to friends. If you want one, write today.

OLD MONEY WANTED

\$2 to \$500 EACH paid for hundreds of Old Coins dated before 1895. Keep ALL old or odd money. Send 10 cts. for New Ill's Coin Value Book, 4x6. You may have valuable coins. Get Posted. We pay cash.
CLARKE COIN CO, Ave. 13, Le Roy, N. Y.

FREE BOOK

Full of astounding facts about crime and crime detection that will amaze and intrigue you. Tells of thirteen baffling cases solved by finger print evidence. Send for a copy today.



\$1,000 REWARD For the Capture of This Man

CONVICT 6138, escaped from the State Penitentiary: Name, Charles Condray; Age, 37; Height, 5 ft. 8 in. Weight, 141 pounds; Hair, light brown; Eyes, gray.

Easy enough to identify him from his photograph and this description, you may say—but, Condray took the name of "Brown", dyed his hair, darkened his skin, grew a mustache, put on weight and walked with a stoop.

Yet, he was captured and identified so positively that he knew that the game was up and returned to the penitentiary without extradition. How was it accomplished? Easy enough for the Finger Print Expert. They are the specialists, the leaders, the *cream* of detectives. Every day's paper tells their wonderful exploits in solving mysterious crimes and convicting dangerous criminals.

More Trained Men Needed

The demand for trained men by governments, states, cities, detective agencies, corporations, and private bureaus is becoming greater every day. Here is a real opportunity for YOU. Can you imagine a more fascinating line of work than this? Often life and death depend upon finger print evidence—and big rewards go to the expert. Many experts earn regularly from \$3,000 to \$10,000 per year.

Learn at Home in Spare Time

And now you can learn the secrets of this science at home in your sparetime. Any man with common school education and average ability can become a Finger Print Detective in surprisingly short time.

Free Course in Secret Service

For a limited time we are making a special offer of a *Professional Finger Print Outfit, absolutely Free, and Free Course in Secret Service Intelligence*. Mastery of these two kindred professions will open a brilliant career for you.

Don't fail to write for this special offer today. You may never see this announcement again. You assume no obligation—you have everything to gain and nothing to lose. Write at once—address—

University of Applied Science

1920 Sunnyside Avenue Dept. 1092 Chicago, Illinois

UNIVERSITY OF APPLIED SCIENCE

1920 Sunnyside Avenue, Dept. 1092, Chicago, Illinois

Gentlemen:—Without any obligation, whatever, send me your new, fully illustrated, FREE book on Finger Prints and your offer of a FREE course in Secret Service Intelligence and the Free Professional Finger Print Outfit.

Name

Address

These Are The Hours That Count



MOST of your time is mortgaged to work, meals and sleep. But the hours after supper are *yours*, and your whole future depends on how you spend them. You can fritter them away on profitless pleasure, or you can make those hours bring you position, money, power, *real success* in life.

Thousands of splendid, good-paying positions are waiting in every field of work for men *trained to fill them*. There's a big job waiting for *you*—in your present work or any line you choose. Get ready for it! You can do it without losing a minute from work, or a wink of sleep, without hurrying a single meal, and with plenty of time left for recreation. You can do it in one hour after supper each night, right at home, through the International Correspondence Schools.

Yes—You Can Win Success in an Hour a Day

Hundreds of thousands have proved it. The designer of the Packard "Twin-Six," and hundreds of other Engineers, climbed to success through I. C. S. help. The builder of the great Equitable Building and hundreds of Architects and Contractors won their way to the top through I. C. S. spare-time study. Many of this country's foremost Advertising and Sales Managers prepared for their present positions in spare hours under I. C. S. instruction.

For 30 years, men in offices, stores, shops, factories, mines, railroads—in every line of technical and commercial work—have been winning promotion and increased salaries through the I. C. S.

No matter where you live, the I. C. S. will come to *you*. No matter what your handicaps or how small your means, we have a plan to

meet your circumstances. No matter how limited your previous education, the simply-written, wonderfully-illustrated I. C. S. textbooks make it easy to learn.

Make Your Start Now!

When everything has been made easy for you—when one hour a day spent with the I. C. S., in the quiet of your own home, will bring you a bigger income, more comforts, more pleasures, all that success means—can you afford to let another single priceless hour of spare time go to waste?

This is all we ask: Without cost, without obligating yourself in any way, put it up to us to prove how we can help you. Just mark and mail this coupon.

TEAR OUT HERE
INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
Box 4497, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation, please tell me how I can qualify for the position or in the subject before which I have marked an X:

BUSINESS TRAINING DEPARTMENT

- | | |
|---|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Business Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Salesmanship |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Advertising |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Personnel Organization | <input type="checkbox"/> Better Letters |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Traffic Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Foreign Trade |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Business Law | <input type="checkbox"/> Stenography and Typing |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Banking and Banking Law | <input type="checkbox"/> Business English |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Accountancy (including C.P.A.) | <input type="checkbox"/> Civil Service |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Nicholson Cost Accounting | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Mail Clerk |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Bookkeeping | <input type="checkbox"/> Common School Subjects |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Private Secretary | <input type="checkbox"/> High School Subjects |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Business Spanish | <input type="checkbox"/> Illustrating |
| <input type="checkbox"/> French | <input type="checkbox"/> Cartooning |

TECHNICAL AND INDUSTRIAL DEPARTMENT

- | | |
|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electrical Engineering | <input type="checkbox"/> Architect |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Lighting | <input type="checkbox"/> Blue Print Reading |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Contractor and Builder |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Draftsman | <input type="checkbox"/> Architectural Draftsman |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Machine Shop Practices | <input type="checkbox"/> Concrete Builder |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Railroad Positions | <input type="checkbox"/> Structural Engineer |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Gas Engine Operating | <input type="checkbox"/> Plumbing and Heating |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Civil Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Chemistry |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Surveying and Mapping | <input type="checkbox"/> Pharmacy |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Metallurgy | <input type="checkbox"/> Automobile Work |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Steam Engineering | <input type="checkbox"/> Navigation |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Radio | <input type="checkbox"/> Agriculture and Poultry |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Airplane Engines | <input type="checkbox"/> Mathematics |

Name.....
Street.....
Address.....

City..... State.....

Occupation.....

Persons residing in Canada should send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canada.

PLUCK AND LUCK

— LATEST ISSUES —

- 1248 The Rise of Eddie Dunn; or, The Boy With a Silver Tongue.
- 1249 Little Lariat, the Boy Wild Horse Hunter; or, The Dashing Riders of the Staked Plains.
- 1250 The Boy Railroad King; or, Working His Way to the Top.
- 1251 Loyal to the Last; or, Fighting for the Stars and Stripes.
- 1252 Dick Decker, the Brave Young Fireman.
- 1253 Buffalo Charlie; or, The Young Hunter.
- 1254 The Two Boy Brokers; or, From Messenger Boys to Millionaires.
- 1255 Under the Turban; or, A Yankee Boy's Trip to Mecca.
- 1256 Little Lou; The Pride of the Continental Army.
- 1257 The Boy Merchant; or, The Pluck and Luck of Harry Graham.
- 1258 Railroad Ralph, the Boy Engineer.
- 1259 The Boy Pilot of Lake Michigan.
- 1260 That Boy of Barton's; or, The Luck of a Lal in Wall Street.
- 1261 Lost in the Blizzard; or, The Snow-Bound School Boys.
- 1262 Driven Ashore in Lost Latitudes; or, The Strange Story of the Skeleton Island.
- 1263 The Boss of the Messenger Boys; or, Born to Good Luck.
- 1264 The Irish Rip Van Winkle; or, The Wild Man of the Round Tower.
- 1265 Lost at the Pole; or, The Secret of the Arctic Circle.
- 1266 Rupert of Roanoke; or, The Boy Rangers of the American Revolution.
- 1267 Castaway Castle; or, The Home of the Lost Explorers.
- 1268 The Boy Prospectors; or, The Trail of the Club-foot Bear.
- 1269 The Wreck of the "Columbus"; or, Abandoned in the Ice.
- 1270 Among the Gauchos; or, A Yankee Boy in South America.
- 1271 The Quaker Boy Spy; or, General Washington's Best Aide.
- 1272 Cal Carter the Boy Lawyer; or, A Fee of One Million Dollars.
- 1273 The Board of Trade Boys; or, The Young Grain Speculators of Chicago.
- 1274 Haunted; or, The Curse of Gold.
- 1275 A Sawdust Prince; or, The Boy Bareback Rider.
- 1276 Fred Farrell, the Barkeeper's Son. (A True Temperance Story).
- 1277 The Marked Moccasin; or, Pandy Ellis' Pard.
- 1278 Liberty Hose; or, The Pride of Plattsville.
- 1279 Among the Sun Worshipers; or, Two New York Boys in Peru.
- 1280 Engineer Steve, the Prince of the Rail.
- 1281 A Wall Street "Lamb"; or, The Boy Who Broke the Brokers.
- 1282 Chums; or, The Leaders of Glendale Academy.
- 1283 The Little Swamp Fox; A Tale of General Marion and His Men.
- 1284 Newsboy Nick; or, The Boy with a Hidden Million.
- 1285 North Pole Nat; or, The Secret of the Frozen Deep.
- 1286 Thirteen White Ravens; or, The Ghostly Riders of the Forest.
- 1287 Little Dead Shot, The Pride of the Trappers.
- 1288 Shiner, the New York Bootblack; or, The Secret of a Boy's Life.
- 1289 Whistling Walt, the Champion Spy. (A Story of the American Revolution).

For sale by all newsdealers, or will be sent to any address on receipt of price, 7c per copy, in money or postage stamps, by

HARRY E. WOLFF, Publisher, Inc.,

166 West 23d Street,

New York City

SCENARIOS HOW TO WRITE THEM

Price 35 Cents Per Copy

This book contains all the most recent changes in the method of construction and submission of scenarios. Sixty Lessons, covering every phase of scenario writing. For sale by all Newsdealers and Bookstores. If you cannot procure a copy, send us the price, 35 cents, in money or postage stamps, and we will mail you one, postage free. Address

L. SENARENS, 319 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y.

OUR TEN-CENT HAND BOOKS

Useful, Instructive and Amusing. They Contain Valuable Information on Almost Every Subject

No. 42. **THE BOYS OF NEW YORK STUMP SPEAKER.**—Containing a varied assortment of stump speeches, Negro, Dutch and Irish. Also end men's jokes. Just the thing for home amusement and amateur shows.

No. 45. **THE BOYS OF NEW YORK MINSTREL GUIDE AND JOKE BOOK.**—Something new and very instructive. Every boy should obtain this book, as it contains full instructions for organizing an amateur minstrel troupe.

No. 46. **HOW TO MAKE AND USE ELECTRICITY.**—A description of the wonderful uses of electricity and electro magnetism; together with full instructions for making Electric Toys, Batteries, etc. By George Trebel A. M., M. D. Containing over fifty illustrations.

No. 48. **HOW TO BUILD AND SAIL CANOES.**—A handy book for boys, containing full directions for constructing canoes and the most popular manner of sailing them. Fully illustrated.

No. 49. **HOW TO DEBATE.**—Giving rules for conducting debates, outlines for debates, questions for discussion and the best sources for procuring information on the questions given.

No. 50. **HOW TO STUFF BIRDS AND ANIMALS.**—A valuable book giving, instructions in collecting, preparing, mounting and preserving birds, animals and insects.

No. 51. **HOW TO DO TRICKS WITH CARDS.**—Containing explanations of the general principles of sleight-of-hand applicable to card tricks; of card tricks with ordinary cards, and not requiring sleight-of-hand; tricks involving sleight-of-hand, or the use of special, prepared cards. Illustrated.

No. 52. **HOW TO PLAY CARDS.**—A complete and handy little book, giving the rules and full directions for playing Euchre, Cribbage, Cassino, Forty-Five, Rounce, Pedro Sancho, Draw Poker, Auction Pitch, All Fours, and many other popular games of cards.

No. 53. **HOW TO WRITE LETTERS.**—A wonderful little book, telling you how to write to your sweetheart, your father, mother, sister, brother, employer, fact, everybody and anybody you wish to.

No. 54. **HOW TO KEEP AND MANAGE.**—Giving complete information as to the method of raising, keeping, taming, breeding all kinds of pets; also giving full instructions for making cages, etc. Fully explained by illustrations.

No. 56. **HOW TO BECOME AN ENGINEER.**—Containing full instructions how to become a locomotive engineer; also directions for building a model locomotive; together with a full description of everything an engineer should know.

No. 58. **HOW TO BE A DETECTIVE.**—By Old K Brady, the well-known detective. In which he lays down some valuable rules for beginners, and also relates some adventures of well-known detectives.

No. 60. **HOW TO BECOME A PHOTOGRAPHER.**—Containing useful information regarding the Camera; how to work it; also how to make Photographic Lantern Slides and other Transparencies. Handsomely illustrated.

No. 64. **HOW TO MAKE ELECTRICAL MACHINES.**—Containing full directions for making electrical machines, induction coils, dynamos and many novel things to be worked by electricity. By B. A. R. Bennett. Fully illustrated.

No. 65. **MULDOON'S JOKES.**—The most original joke book ever published, and it is brimful of wit and humor. It contains a large collection of songs, jokes, conundrums, etc., of Terrence Muldoon, the great humorist and practical joker of the day.

No. 66. **HOW TO DO PUZZLES.**—Containing three hundred interesting puzzles and conundrums, with key to same. A complete book. Fully illustrated.

No. 67. **HOW TO DO ELECTRICAL TRICKS.**—Containing a large collection of instructive and highly amusing electrical tricks; together with illustrations. By A. Anderson.

No. 68. **HOW TO DO CHEMICAL TRICKS.**—Containing over one hundred highly amusing and instructive tricks with chemicals. By A. Anderson. Handsomely illustrated.

For sale by all newsdealers or will be sent to any address on receipt of price, 10 cents per copy, in money or postage stamps, by

HARRY E. WOLFF, Publisher, Inc.

166 West 23d Street

New York

-Five,
ch, All
onderful
setheart,